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THE MOONLIGHT RING;

OR,

THE BLACK SHADOW OF THE TWO-HANDED SWORD.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

LATOUR AND ATHOL IN A VOYAGE OF DISCOVERY—IN STRANGE COMPANY—THE RSE TO ATTAIN THEIR OBJECT—THE "WORLD'S END"—SEARCH FOR LUCY MARSDEN.

Athol, on his return to Latour, could not brook the delay of an instant; he was maddening to start at once in pursuit of Lucy. He would surround the house by the police of the district, so that none could escape; then one bold dash, and she would be safe within his arms. Latour's heart beat, perhaps, as quickly, his nerves were as tightly strung; but he was cooler and more cautious. He knew that cunning must be their weapon. Athol was urgent.

"Suppose," reasoned Latour, "that my mistress were to be struck down by her jailors, rather than that the discovery of her retreat should reveal their guilt?"

Athol's blood congealed to ice at the horror of the suggestion.

"They dare not," he answered; "'twould be adding the crime of murder."

Latour smiled incredulously.

"And its punishment," continued Athol.

"If it were *discovered*," hinted Latour.

All in that little word—discovery.

"I tell you, in that old house there are doubtless private passages, secret doors beneath the black-flowing river. No, Mr. Clement, we must find her living; and then, if she dies, our red right hands must answer for't."

"We must depart."

"There I agree with you," answered the creole. "We must, if possible, forestall the note of alarm, or, after all, our labor may be lost."

"Are you ready?"

Athol seized his hat.

"Not quite so quick," said Latour. "Let us remember the old adage—we must go slower that we may make better speed. We are going in to dangerous company, probably," said Latour; "and a few pounds may serve us."

Athol drew some gold from his desk.

"Shall we not arm?"

Latour opened his vest and showed his companion a dagger, a pistol and a bottle.

"They may be useful," said Athol.

"They may prove indispensable," grimly replied Latour. "Come!"

Athol required no second invitation to follow the creole into the street. Clambering to the top of an omnibus, they passed through the crowded city till they reached Blackwall. Latour was steeped in a deep reflection, from which Athol did not think it prudent to disturb him. His heart beat, as the truly brave heart always pulses in the presence of a danger which it is courageous enough to know and to combat. But he implicitly trusted Latour. He knew his resolve was not less determined than his own; while he felt that his brain was less heated. At Blackwall Latour descended, and, followed by Clement, plunged at once into its narrow defiles, filled by sailors, shipwrights, and coarse women; into close courts and "bays," where day blends into night, and night bursts into day, in one [illegible] led the way into a low-built public house—"The Sailor's Friend." He passed through the bar into a dancing room at the back—a tolerably sized apartment, evidently built over the yard of the house. What a fiddling, screaming, shouting, drinking, smoking, cooking, swearing throng it was! Seamen of all nations, and women—some big and rough as themselves, others pale and delicate, telling of former happy days beneath some humble cottage thatch—were all keeping a sort of pyrrhic time in the leaping movement of a wild dance to the sharp notes of a fiddle and the loud tones of a cornet. The entrance of the creole and the artist was not viewed without suspicion; but a glance soon restored confidence, for the face of every detective was familiar—for too many times had they intruded into the precincts of "The Sailor's Friend" with the unwelcome intimation to one of its visitors that "he was wanted."

"Stand a drain, guv'nor?" exclaimed one of the party, sidling up.

"A bottle," replied Latour, "if you'll only answer two questions."

"Pop 'em, guv'nor," answered the crimp. "Bill, here's a swell wants a bottle of double diamond, for the good o' the house."

"Bill," yelled a husky voice, still retaining something of its feminine tone; "a bottle and twelve outs!"

The potman managed to grunt a professional laugh at this sally, while he forced his way through the steaming crowd to Latour.

"Bottle double diamond, three shillings. Money! Thank you, sir!" as he took the half-sovereign proffered by Latour.

In these dens money first is the rule, and patrons are requested not to ask for credit, as "a denial often offends!"

The creole and his companion were surrounded directly, for such liberality was rare, and a dozen were anxious to profit by it. Bill brought the liquor and the change, and received, to his astonishment, a shilling for himself.

"Bill!" cried a bloated woman, with a hoarse laugh—"Bill, you know I allus liked yer! Stand a quartern o' rum!"

"Harkee, my friend!" said Latour to the crimp, unmindful of Athol, who could hardly conceal his impatience and disgust. "You know you promised to earn this."

"Well, it ain't much I earn in an honest way!" answered the crimp; "but your'n can't be sich very hard work! What is it you want to know?"

"Have you ever heard of a public house called the 'World's End?'"

"Heard on it! Cuss it—yes! I've heard on it! It's down the Essex shore, fifteen mile from here."

Athol, listening with all his soul, shuddered, as he understood the distance they were yet to travel.

"Is it—em—a respectable place?"

"Well," answered the other, sipping his liquor, "that's accordin'. It ain't a good property, I should reckon."

"What's he talking on?" asked Bill, the potman.

"'World's End,' down there," replied the crimp.

"I wouldn't trust myself there, not for a pound a week and my perkisits!" returned Bill: "it's a dead and alive place, blow me!"

"Well," said the crimp, "people say there's more dead than alive in it! It used to do a business once, when old Rogerson had it. But since Silas——"

"What's the landlord'a name?" inquired Latour.

"Silas; no other as I knows on! Howsoever, he soon bullied and frightened away what little custom there was; so everybody began to think——"

"Think what?"

"Why, as he must live somehow, that he don't live on the square!"

"Hum! what's the best way to get at it?"

"Well, by boat, I should fancy."

"Another bottle!" cried Latour, handing Bill the money, "still for the good of the house! And come on one side, my friend, will you? I want a word with you in private."

The crimp, in anticipation of a fresh reward, instantly accepted the invitation, and the three left the dancing den, with its tenants ever changing, but still preserving one uniform standard of desperate revel and wild excitement. The confidence, whatever it was, which Latour had reposed in the crimp was not betrayed. He led them into a narrow alley where the Jews of the locality had collected, and where they dealt in every variety of articles—the dirtiest and most ragged apparel not being beneath the dignity of close, eager bargaining, while the purchase of the costliest jewelry was not beyond their purse. Into one of these horrible dens Latour and Athol entered, and came out in so perfect a disguise that not even their most intimate acquaintance could have recognised them. Latour appeared like a Lascar sailor. Athol, in decent rags, was made up as one of those peripatetic artists, who, in loud, colored chalks, delineate on the pavement, heads, mackerel, and moonlights. During their rapid change of dress, Latour had revealed his plan to Athol. By watching intently for any chance that might present itself, and seizing it on the instant, they would obtain an entrance into the terror-haunted "World's End," and then—— Latour finished the sentence by pointing to the bottle and the knife. Through the shadows of the coming night they floated on the dark river, hearts beating, but hands closed, as men bent on a dangerous enterprise. Their boat made slow way, and two long, lingering hours passed before they distinguished the solitary light of the "World's End" glimmering over the moist and level marsh. Paying the boatman liberally, they instructed him to be continually repassing the tavern at a convenient distance, so that he should be close at hand whenever he was wanted. It was then arranged that Latour should go alone to the "World's End," and that in a quarter of an hour afterwards, as though a tramp upon the road, Athol, armed with the knife, should casually follow. Latour approached the house and found it closed. He knocked violently at the door.

"Hil—hil-lo, landlord!" he shouted, pretending to be excited by liquor. "What d—do you stick out a sign—'World's End'—when here's ne'er a can o' liquor aboard?"

The eyes of Silas, gleaming through an interstice which existed between the top of the shutter and the upper part of the window, rested on a chain of gold which Latour, with purposed ostentation, showed outside his waistcoat.

"What do ye want?"

"Well, that'sh a good one! Why, a can o' grog and a night's lodgin'—what elsh should I want? Losht my way in these confounded——"

"Come in, messmate!" exclaimed Silas—"come in!"

Silas pushed back the heavy bolts, and flung the door wide open; then, lifting the lamp he carried, he flung its light close in the face of Latour. The creole had an intuitive perception of the nicest shades of character, and at once discerned that the keen eye of Silas would soon detect his disguise. He therefore lost no time in staggering into the dirty parlor, where he ordered, in a tipsy way, "glasses round."

When the landlord returned, he found his guest in an apparent stupor of sleep, his head on to the table. Silas was not entirely convinced whether this was sham or reality. To test it, he removed the candle from the lantern which he carried, and brought the flame in close proximity to the hand of the creole, which extended somewhat over the edge of the before-mentioned table.

Latour, complete master of every emotion, bore the pain without a quiver.

"All right!" muttered Silas. "He couldn't have been quieter if he had been dead!"

For a few minutes Silas sat down opposite his intended victim, and pondered on the best means of securing his booty. A diamond ring which Latour wore glimmered temptingly in the semi-darkness. Silas at one time approached cautiously to make a clutch at it; but prudence whispered to him, and he withdrew. He could see that Latour, though advancing in years, was broad-shouldered, thick-chested, and powerful; and instinctively he recoiled from the chances of a contest with such a man.

Assurance he would make doubly sure. Before he attempted the struggle, he would summon Long-shore Dick. He rose and left the room for that purpose. Quiet, lithe, and stealthy as a panther, Latour followed, and listened. Long training in the gorgeous solitude of his native forests had rendered the faculty of hearing intensely acute, so that when the heavy foot of Silas passed over the trap-door at the end of the passage, Latour could distinguish, by the difference of the sound, that he was passing over a cellar. That discovery raised a new indefinite hope. Fearing, however, that a sudden return of Silas might expedite matters before the arrival of Athol, Latour swiftly glided back to his seat, and flung himself in precisely his former attitude on the table. The heart of the creole fluttered with delight as he heard the footsteps of two men.

He deemed that in the course of their conversation he should be able to gather the secret of Lucy's prison. His joy was only equalled by his disappointment when no word was uttered, for Long-shore Dick, it will be remembered, was dumb. While plunged in this perplexity, he heard the outside door, which Silas had left unbolted, open to the entrance of Athol. Silas rushed out of the room, and confronted the intruder in the passage. Latour affected to recover partially from his drunken state. 'Twas then for the first time that he discovered the thick-set, muscular hunchback, Long-shore Dick.

"The beer's sour," cried Silas, "and we haven't a morsel of cheese in the house."

"Don't care," replied the pretended artist in chalk. "Must have something."

Latour, singularly enough, was seized by a violent fit of coughing. Athol, ascertaining by this the whereabouts of Latour, gave a sudden push past the opposing form of Silas into the parlor where the creole was seated.

"What are you grumbling at?" he asked. "Are you feared I shall eat you? Here now, give us a pint and a crust, and I'm off. Think I want to stop in such a place? —not I!"

Silas—considering, probably, that to yield to his request would be the readiest means of getting rid of the intruder—assented. While he was gone, Athol drew the chalks out of his pocket, and, as though from careless exercise of habit, drew a mackerel on the parlor table. The delight of Dick knew no bounds; he leaped towards it, and almost devoured it with his eyes.

"Do you draw?" asked Athol of the deformed.

The latter evidently understood the question, though he could not reply to it in words. He shook his head, but took up one of the chalks, and wrote his name. The characters were exquisite in their formation. Latour's eye spoke the meaning of his soul to Athol. Athol understood that this incident might develop into a new and most important clue. He, therefore, with another piece of chalk, wrote on the table the name he thought proper to assume—"Charley Brown."

The hunchback gazed at it for a few moments, and then imitated it—so exactly that Athol was astonished. The suspicion of Latour was confirmed. The letter of Lucy had been forged; and it was the hand of the hunchback that had accomplished the deception. Silas roughly drew the attention of Athol to the ale and crust which had been for some time waiting by his side. The artist and the creole, by a kind of mutual instinct, simultaneously understood that the moment for action had arrived. Latour felt for the pistol with which he had provided himself; Athol grasped his knife.

The former staggered to a chair, and simulating a sort of drunken plunge, dragged it along, and placing it with its back towards the door, confidently sat down. Athol grasped the hunchback before he was aware, and placed the cold point of his dagger to his heart. Silas was about to rush across the room to the assistance of his confederate, when he was arrested by the voice of Latour.

"Stay!"

Silas, in the surprise of attack, obeyed.

"My friend," continued the creole, "my will is determined, my nerves steady, and my aim sure. I swear to you that any movement on your part, however slight, will be the signal of your death. You may, probably, have to settle some accounts with the world before you bow your final exit. If you have, pause, I should advise you."

"Is it robbery?" asked Silas, huskily.

Latour smiled.

"A few questions, honestly replied to, and silence will ever reign between us. First, where is Miss Lucy Marsden whom you have a prisoner in this house?"

"I don't know nothing about her."

"Beware!" said Latour, slowly advancing, covering Silas still with his pistol.

The ruffian shrank away towards a corner of the room. Latour, step by step, followed him.

"I tell by your changing voice—by your shifting eye—that you are not ignorant. Speak, then!"

"She is *not* here!" repeated Silas.

A hurried spring of Longshore Dick to assist Silas decided the course of action. Athol was upon him so quickly and so vigorously, that he brought him to the ground. Silas, taking advantage of the momentary abstraction, grappled Latour. Latour did not attempt to struggle—he merely placed the pistol on the table, and sought his pocket for the handkerchief and the bottle. But still, while yielding himself almost entirely to the efforts of Silas, he keenly watched his opportunity, and in brief time had succeeded in thrusting the handkerchief, charged with the liquid, in the face of his antagonist. Silas soon felt its effects—his grasp relaxed, he staggered down upon his seat, and became speedily insensible. Latour quietly turned him over, and finding some stout cord secured his hands tightly behind his back. The sinewy landlord was thus rendered harmless for mischief. The hunchback, in his desperation, seemed inclined to give some trouble; but Latour, who proved equal to any emergency, devised a plan by which he was speedily rendered helpless. He selected a stout cord of appropriate length, and with the facility rendered by early training, fashioned a noose at each end. Watching an opportunity, he slipped one of these over the wrist, the other the ankle of the struggling hunchback. He tightened this, as much as possible, by knotting it in the middle. Seizing then the iron poker, he placed the tip in the centre of the twisted rope, and turning it round at first rapidly; but eventually, as more force was required, with greater effort he, in this simple manner, contrived to thoroughly deprive the deformed of the use of one leg and one arm. Virtually, therefore, he was helpless.

"We may leave them," said Latour; "they are safe enough. Come!"

Latour took the lantern, and flinging himself on his knees, carefully sounded the flooring. By this means he discovered the secret trap. A moment's inspection to the microscopic eye of Latour was enough to show him the interstices. Returning to the bar, he found a chisel. Armed with this tool, and aided by Athol, he soon contrived to pry open the fastenings. The trap door revolved back. Latour, flat on his face, waved the lantern down the opening. The light burnt blue and dim, and close, poisonous atmosphere compelled the creole to turn away for a draught of purer air. Athol, too eager for prudence, began to descend—deep, deep. Latour followed, and was soon close on his heels. Athol, brave, resolved, could not conquer a shudder and a sigh.

"Ah, Heaven—dear Heaven! The pure, innocent Lucy, in this horrible—horrible place!"

"Courage!" whispered Latour, "and onward!"

As their eyes grew accustomed to the gloomy light, the stoutest man might have shrank from the unspeakable desolation and silence by which they were surrounded. Down the rough and broken walls a slimy ooze descended, which had generated a weedy growth of dull and deadly green. Reflection might have maddened both. A shade of character which distinguished the creole from the artist became perceptible. Athol could scarcely master his choking sorrow. Latour could barely overcome his lively, bitter indignation. Still lower they descended—down, down. At last they came to a huge oaken door, that, banded with iron, was evidently of vast strength. Latour and Athol both felt that they had at length reached the door of Lucy's cell.

"Mistress!" shouted Latour, "we are come to rescue you from your enemy. Oh, my mistress! so long lost—beloved so dearly!"

Latour then levelled his pistol at the lock, fired, and shivered it into pieces. The door yielded on its screaming, rusty hinge, and they rushed in. Great Heavens! Empty—empty! Not a sign of a tenant! Who could fathom the bitterness of their disappointment—the utter blank of their despair?

"She has been here," cried Athol, as with a spasmodic convulsion he pointed to the wall.

Latour held up the light of the lantern to the indicated spot. There was scratched upon it, apparently with as fine an instrument as a simple pin, certain words, in the unmistakable handwriting of the lost one. It was a name.

"Heaven help me!" cried Athol, clinging to Latour.

Latour advanced still nearer, and deciphered the name—"Athol Clement!"

CHAPTER XXIX.

A PLOT OF THE DEVIL—LIGHT ALARMED—THE EAST INDIAMAN—HURRIED PREPARATIONS FOR A VOYAGE.

The practised mind of Mr. Ephraim Light had early comprehended, by the tone of Athol Clement, in their recent interview, that the artist had obtained a clear notion of the whereabouts of Lucy Marsden. Not an instant was therefore to be lost to preserve both himself and Bernard from disgraceful exposure. As we have seen, he had dashed into a cab and urged the driver to whip up his horse to its highest speed. His meeting with Athol was so unexpected, and proved so alarming, that Ephraim Light acknowledged to himself that he was never so flurried in his life. The first place of call was in Bidborough street, St. Pancras. The vehicle abruptly stopped, and Light leaped out at the door of a house which had evidently once been respectably occupied, but which now was little more than a fourth-rate lodging-house. It could be easily surmised that the money-lender was on terms of familiarity with one of the occupants at least, by the facility with which he discovered the proper bell and the number of times he sounded it. His summons was answered by a tall, stout, muscular, low-browed woman, rejoicing in the name of Raggen.

"What is it, Mr. Light, sir?" asked this individual with a curtsey, and wiping her mouth with the corner of her apron.

"Get your bonnet and shawl at once, Raggen, and bid home good bye for a few months. I'll settle everything," added Light, "never fear. Quick, Raggen! I'll tell you what I want in the cab."

Raggen, who for long years had been one of the money-lender's creatures, made no further objection. She ran up stairs, and returned in a few moments, hurrying on the extra apparel which she had fetched.

"Jump in, Raggen!" cried Light. "Barge-yard Chambers!" he added to the cabman.

The cabman touched his hat and started once more. During the transit through the noisy streets, Light bent forward and clearly revealed and explained his proposed plan to the woman by his side. Raggen coughed slightly when he had finished, and elevated her brows.

"It's a question of money, I know," replied Light to the expressive inquiry. "You know I am a good master. If the work's unpleasant, the money's sure. I shall make yours a hundred and fifty. Fifty down—balance when you return."

"Very good," whispered Raggen—"very good, Mr. Light; we'll look upon it as settled."

Further instructions were interrupted by the cabman pulling up suddenly at his present destination.

"Quick, Raggen! you have'nt a moment too many. There's a twenty-pound note; that'll do for the present. In ten minutes, mind; knock 'em about—hurry 'em up—that's the way!"

Raggen departed on her errand, whatever it was, while Light proceeded up the court to the office he was seeking. He found it with some little trouble—"Davidson & Co., Ship Brokers."

"Principal in?" asked Light of one of the clerks.

The question was answered by pointing to the door of the inner room.

"Good morning, sir!" cried Mr. Light, entering. "I consider myself fortunate in having found you at home."

"Be seated, sir," acknowledged the ship-broker.

"I think I am not mistaken," proceeded Light, "in the belief that I noticed an advertisement in the *Gazette* that one of your vessels (the Jesse Arnold, I think it was) was clearing for Calcutta to-day?"

"This morning, sir," replied Mr. Davidson. "She's well down the river by this time."

"Tut! tut! how vexatious! And no other sailing vessel for ten days at least?"

"It is not freight?"

"No, a passenger, Mr. Davidson. The fact is, I am somewhat of a nervous man, and I have put myself in a most unpleasant predicament. A client—indeed, I may say an old and esteemed friend—Colonel Jarvis, of Madras, has suddenly requested me to superintend the transit of a lady through London—his wife, in fact—on her way to join him in India. He wishes to have her under his own care. I am so very nervous, and——"

Davidson smiled.

"My dear sir, you have not heard all the sad circumstances. The lady is, alas! insane!"

Davidson screwed his face into an expression of sympathy.

"I confess the responsibility overcomes me. I had hoped that there would be yet time to have secured a cabin on board the Jessie Arnold for the unhappy lady and her attendant."

"May I ask if the lady is dangerous?"

"Dangerous? Assuredly not—not mischievous in the least; but under the influence of sad delusions—sad delusions."

"What are they?"

"I have only seen Mrs. Jarvis once, when she was brought to my office, and then I was really too nervous, too excited to speak to her. She fancies herself, I believe, the proprietrix of a large estate—that her name is different to her real one—and that she, who has just arrived from the very garden of Kent, has been confined in some horrid dungeon under the Thames."

"Don't smile—[illegible] me is so intensely painful."

"Pardon me," apologized the other. "The [illegible] may I ask, wealthy?"

"I [illegible] give four hundred pounds for a cabin," suggested Light, in a quiet, significant tone.

Davidson slightly opened his eyes.

"Have you many passengers?" pursued the money-lender.

"Very few," replied the other; "you could have selected a cabin the very thing."

"Telegraph to the captain to lay to at Gravesend till the next tide. I shall then have plenty of time to make the necessary preparation. If you would so far oblige me, I should think it but fair that you should receive fifty pounds for the demurrage."

Davidson considered, and eventually consented. He hurriedly dotted down some instructions, rang the bell on the table, and gave them to a clerk.

"You will be very careful, young gentleman," gently interposed Light, "because the matter, you will understand, is of the utmost importance. If you telegraph to Erith at once, it will be, I respectfully suggest, the better course. The Jessie Arnold will hardly reach there for a couple of hours. Plenty of time for a boat to be in readiness. By the way, as the delay is somewhat unusual, would it not be better to send a clerk down with your special instructions. There would then be no possibility of a mistake."

The broker was too willing to accede to any hint which would bind so lucrative a bargain, to interpose the slightest objection to Light's plan. The clerk, being made by Light thoroughly to understand his mission, departed.

"Well, I think there's nothing more to be said," remarked Light.

Davidson, leaning back in his chair, coughed significantly.

"Ten thousand pardons! I had forgotten!" exclaimed Light. "Will you oblige me with a receipt?"

Nothing could be more in accordance with Davidson's own notion.

"Four hundred pounds, I think?" cried Light, drawing the inkstand towards him and selecting a pen.

"Four hundred pounds," repeated Davidson.

Light drew the check, and with a smirking brow handed it over to the broker, who received it with a similar salutation.

"Then I'll wish you good day, sir!"

"Good day, sir!" replied the broker, shaking Light by the hand as he bowed him out of the office. "Not a bad ten minutes, that!" muttered Davidson as he resumed his chair. "Commission at twelve per cent.—only two pound short of the fifty."

"Cost me an *infernal* lot!" thought Light as he descended; "but, after all, it's cheap at the money."

When Light reached the street, he found, to his intense vexation, that Mrs. Raggen had not come back. If Mr. Cavendish should have gone already to the "World's End!" Impossible! No, he had not had the time. He could not reach it before he himself would be there. Still the delay of minute after minute, waiting for Raggen, irritated him to distraction. He paced the pavement; he looked into the few shop windows in Bucklersbury; he counted the names on the door-posts; he watched the cabman until that John's impassibility appeared like a personal affront. Just in time to receive the explosion of her employer's wrath, appeared Mrs. Raggen.

"What the devil——"

"Now don't you scold, sir, and don't you fly out, sir! It's sharp work, even in the city, fitting out a couple o' ladies for India in half an hour. I couldn't get all the things at one shop, sir, and now I want——"

"Can't stop another moment!" cried Light. "Whatever more you want you must get at Gravesend. Bless my soul! we shall hardly have a minute to spare to catch the train! Jump in, Mrs. Raggen!"

"The things—the things!" replied that lady, pointing to two hot and flustered porters, who were advancing under the weight of a couple of huge parcels of linen.

"Take those things on the roof," cried Light to the cabman, "and drive over the bridge—station, North Kent line—dash along!"

By this time it was approaching seven o'clock.

"You will remember two things, Mrs. Raggen. 1st. To buy all you need at Gravesend, and pack them in boxes, which you must there also purchase, directed 'Mrs. Jarvis, passenger, India.' 2d. You will have them conveyed to a point on the shore close to the Milton baths, and as nearly as possible opposite the 'Ship and Lobster.' Once there, you will wait for me."

Raggen thoroughly understood, and so expressed herself. The traffic over London Bridge had lessened as the evening approached, and the cab soon found its way to the North Kent Station. The porters were on the point of closing the doors as Light dashed in, took a couple of tickets, and with Mrs. Raggen entered the train. The lady proceeded to Gravesend, the gentleman got out at Gray's. Thence he found his way to the shore, took boat across the river, and a few moments afterwards was in close conversation with his creature, Silas.

TO BE CONTINUED.

BILLY MORRIS, ETHIOPIAN COMEDIAN. For Biographical Sketch see another column.

NEW YORK CLIPPER.

SATURDAY, JANUARY 14, 1865

To Correspondents.

TOM.—"A bets that in playing bluff, if a man holding a good hand or not, goes over his opponent's pile, he is compelled to give his opponent a show for the amount of money he has. B bets that he is not compelled to do so, but that it is so understood among honorable players. Who wins?"......A wins. The rule expressly states that when a player's pile is oversized he can put up all the funds he may have, and call a show of hands for the amount.

KANE, Roxbury.—1. In forty-fives, if a card which is not trumps is led and the second player puts the five of trumps on it, the third hand is not obliged to play the Jack of trumps. The Jack may be reniged from the five, unless the five is led; when, if he has no other trump, the party holding the Jack must play it. 2. A flush and straight combined beat a straight with ace high, unless flushes by agreement are not allowed. If they are not, the straight with ace high take the stakes.

M. S., Cincinnati.—Since answering you in our last we have been informed that Mr. and Mrs. Clarance Holt played a brief engagement at the Chatham Theatre, during the season of 1858, with Purdy. At the termination of that engagement they returned to California, and have been there and to Australia up to about two months since, when they sailed for England, where they are at the present time.

FULL HOUSE.—1. The Royal Italian Opera House, Covent Garden, London, will seat 1920 persons. 2. Her Majesty's Theatre, Haymarket, will hold 2500 persons. 3. The New Stadt Theatre in the Bowery, in this city, will hold over 5000 people. 4. The New Bowery Theatre is the next largest place of amusement in this country.

DRAMATIC ASPIRANT, Philadelphia.—The stage *is* a powerful engine of good or evil; good if its lessons are pointed towards virtue—evil if directed to the advancement and encouragement of vice—the whole *tendency* resting quite as much with the public as with the dramatic profession.

COPPERHEAD, Troy.—1. Mr. Raynor, the proprietor of the Raynor-Christy party, returned from Europe some time since. 2. His present troupe did not go there. 3. Cool Burgess has travelled with the party you mention. 4. Julia Gould was never married to either of the Buckleys.

T. C., Brookfield, Mass.—Master Rentz was born in Philadelphia, June 17th, 1844. When only seven years of age he joined a concert troupe at Trenton, N. J. Made his first appearance in Boston with Perham's Opera Troupe. He also appeared afterwards at the Horticultural Hall in Boston.

DOLLY, Philadelphia.—Charles Mathews made his first appearance on the stage in public, Dec. 7th, 1835, at the Olympic Theatre, as George Rattleton, in the farce of "The Hunchbacked Lover," and Tim Topple, in "The Old and Young Stager."

G. Q. C., West Cornwall, Ct.—The highest hand in cribbage is composed of three fives and a Jack, with a five turned up on the pack of the same suit as the Jack. They count twenty-nine, viz., 16 for fifteens, 12 for a double pair royal, and one for his "nob."

T. C. H., Army of the Shenandoah.—It is a point which should be decided on before commencing the game, so says the rule. Our opinion is, that no player should be permitted to go alone when a partner "assists."

X. X., Boston, Mass.—John C. Heenan, in company with his second and trainer, Jack McDonald, arrived in New York on the 14th of July, 1860, after the fight at Farnborough, which took place on the 17th of April, 1860.

CLIPPER READER, Troy.—"1. Did ever any horse in this or the old country run a mile in a minute. 2. What is the quickest time made by any horse running a mile?".... 1. No. 2. Saunterer in England in 1:40½.

DRAW POKER.—"Can a player win who, owing to a misdeal, has only four cards?"......No; he must throw up his hand, as a penalty for his negligence in not seeing he had his full number dealt him.

CLUB HOUSE.—A wins, the amount he produced being a full quarter. It might as well be said that a man who shows two fifty dollar bills don't possess a hundred, as to contend that two tens and a five don't make a quarter.

T. B. J.—1. Barlow's best time in running a mile in this country was four minutes and thirty-six seconds (4:36). 2. The best time ever made in running a level mile, any where, was four minutes, twenty and a half seconds (4:20½), by Mills, in England

ASTORIA.—If the last card is the same trump as was first turned up, there must be a new deal. It is possible your question may not be properly understood.

HASTE, Cincinnati.—We had a Cincinnati letter in type when yours reached us. Touching Billy's dialect, we think there's more of the Irish about it than the "Lankercher."

A. McD.—"A bets B that Ethan Allen and running mate Socks, in one of their trots on the Fashion Course with Flora Temple, made the time of 2:19¾. Is it so?"......Yes.

J. L. R., Erie.—Probably some of our advertisers may be able to purchase them for you, if they have nothing of the kind themselves.

F. L. T., Providence, R. I.—There must be a new deal when the cards have been played; if discovered before they are played, a card can be drawn if both parties agree. So say the rules.

EQUESTRIAN.—1. Maggie and Mary Mitchell are sisters. 2. Marietta Zanfretta is married. 3. Kate Pennoyer is not the wife of Heller, "or any other man."

CLIPPER READER.—1. There is a march in the second act of "Un Ballo in Maschera." 2. Meyerbeer is the author of the opera of "North Star."

TAPIOCA, Fall River.—The party making three tricks and best trump was entitled to game, his opponent's "claim" to the contrary notwithstanding.

C. E. S., St. Louis.—Madame [illegible] was buried in the [illegible] Sept. 23d, 1836,

AQUATIC.—Frank Donaldson, the pantomimist, [illegible] ago drove six geese, harnessed [illegible] Isle to Detroit, [illegible] two miles.

J. H. D., Washington.—1. Maggie was born in this city. 2. Past 32. 3. Not married.

M. M., Ashland, Pa.—1. Tom Sayers is not dead; neither has he been in this country. 2. We do not answer questions by mail.

S. C. L., Lanesboro, Pa.—Yankee Robinson is at present in this city. He plays an engagement in Norfolk in February.

ENQUIRER.—T. R. Ham is at present at the Defiance Theatre, Cairo, Ill.

W. M. S., Quebec.—It would cost 75 cents each insertion. Duplicate copy if the terms suit you.

ATHENÆUM.—George Bennett has retired from the stage, and resides in the north of England.

FIGARO, Boston.—1. Annie Senter was born in Boston in 1836. 2. She is not a Jewess.

R. L. H., Pittsburgh.—The money was received, the book sent, and the poem, in numbers, with it.

W. S. R., Indianapolis.—Four lines, 50 cents each insertion. Duplicate copy if you wish it inserted.

DINAH, Pawtucket.—The fight between Bill Hayes and Johnny Walker lasted 2h. 28m. 19 secs.

A. C., Hamilton, Mass.—We are not in the book business; we sell nothing but the NEW YORK CLIPPER.

CLIPPER READER, Pontiac.—B was entitled to one of the remaining pictures.

A. W. L.—We cannot give the date of the death of the Lime Kiln Man. He has been dead several years.

W. A. F., Hartford.—Send to D. C. Winans, 472 Broadway. We do not deal in them.

LANNAN & Co., Annapolis.—See advertising terms in another column.

DAN NOBLE.—We have a letter and a package of photographs for you.

ENQUIRER.—The New Stadt Theatre will seat the most. The New Bowery is the second largest.

B. F. K., Nashville.—A game at cribbage consists of 61 points.

JOHN SMITH, 67th Pa.—He will wait until your time expires.

J. W. M., Lee, Mass.—You failed to enclose the *ipse dixit.*

GEORGIE, Cairo, Ill.—Reached us too late to be of service.

B. R. D., Rochester.—The lady is not married.

THE ASSASSINATION OF HARRY LAZARUS, from its heinous character, startled the community, accustomed as we are to the work of the knife and the pistol. It was an unprovoked and cold-blooded murder, the poor victim being drawn into an admission that he was unarmed, before the assault was made, and the dagger plunged into him. It has startled the authorities too, judging from the action already taken in the matter. Lazarus was killed early on the morning of the 3d; the perpetrator of the deed was arrested within twelve hours thereafter; the Coroner's Inquest brought in a verdict against him on the 4th; the case was sent to the Grand Jury on the 5th, a true bill for murder found on the 6th, and January 16th set down as the day of trial. Lazarus was a gentlemanly little fellow, cheerful in disposition, and slow to anger; yet there was that in his composition that would not brook repeated insult, be his assailant a giant even. As he remarked, while removing a bandage from his maimed hand, just before the fatal thrust was given, there was "no cow blood" in him. Poor Harry! Thousands lament his untimely and unnatural end while sympathizing with his bereaved family.

MR. TEN BROECK AND THE ENGLISH TURF.—Among the passengers by the Etna steamship from Liverpool was Mr. J. Brown, who has for the last four years been engaged as private trainer for the stable of Mr. Ten Broeck in England. The success of the latter, since he got rid of his American bred race horses, has not been great; indeed, his losses and expenses on the turf have been so heavy that a curtailment of the latter has been rendered imperative, and the services of Mr. Brown, together with others in his employ, have been dispensed with. His stable is now reduced to a few horses, and unless fortune smiles upon him during the present season, it is very probable that we may see Mr. Ten Broeck again a prominent member of the American turf.

SLEIGHING.—This source of exciting pleasure, especially to the fair ones, has been all but destroyed in this city, the rain on Saturday having washed away almost all the snow. Up towards Harlem, however, and in the suburban districts, sleighing is still very good, and very many of our out-of-town hostelries are visited by merry sleigh loads of lads and lassies during these moonlight nights, who are bound to have a good time while it lasts. We have a sleighing conundrum, which is, Why is the winter season like the boss sheep of the flock? Because it is bell weather.

THE SKATING CARNIVAL IN THE METROPOLIS.

FROM New Year's day to Friday, 6th inst., there was high carnival held on the several skating localities of the metropolis, thousands upon thousands participating in the sport during the four days skating was to be had. The season thus far has been a hard one for the proprietors of the skating ponds, alternate falls of snow and rain, followed by excessive frosts, making it a matter of considerable trouble and expense to place their ponds in even tolerable condition for use. The first ice of the season was followed by a snow storm, and as the icy surface of the ponds was not strong enough to admit of the clearing-off process, the result was an accumulation of snow ice, which easily cuts through in any but very cold weather, and which is a source of trouble to the pond proprietors all the season through. It was not, in fact, until after New Year's that the several ponds had a surface of ice upon them strong enough to admit of the operations for removing the snow after a storm; but the past week's cold weather, at least that we had up to Friday, 6th inst., produced a thickness of ice on all the ponds of from four to six inches, and now after every snow storm the ponds can be easily cleared of snow and placed in condition for use within a few hours after the snow ceases to fall.

The snow storm of Tuesday temporarily deprived the Central Park *habitues* of the sport they had had previously, upwards of 200 men being required to place the Park ponds in order again. On Wednesday night skating was resumed there, and was continued up to the time of the rain of Friday, 6th.

Brooklyn monopolizes much of the best sport in skating, the facilities afforded by her three private ponds being most excellent. The rivalry between the managers of the Union, Capitoline and Washington skating lakes, in their efforts to present the best skating of the season, leads to a better condition of their several ponds than that of the public ponds in New York, the Fifth Avenue pond excepted.

The Union pond, located in Williamsburgh, is the pride and feature of the Eastern District of Brooklyn. The Capitoline monopolizes the patronage of the fashionables of Bedford and the surrounding wards in the Western District, and the Washington is the popular locality of the southern part of the city.

It will be seen that Brooklyn is well provided with facilities for skating, and when the season is at its highest point there must be at least thirty thousand people who in the aggregate patronize these ponds during the winter, 5000 being about the average of subscribers to each of them.

At Hoboken, Sylvan Lake is the only locality prepared for the skating fraternity, and this of course is well patronized by the German residents of that village.

There is Lake Lincoln, on the heights of Bergen, which supplies the residents of the vicinity with good skating, the Morris Canal and one or two small ponds giving the Jerseymen across the water all the skating they want.

On Staten Island, there are two or three good ponds near the steamboat landing, and in other portions of the suburbs of the metropolis skating facilities are to be had of more or less extent.

The Central Park ponds, the Fifth Avenue pond, and the three Brooklyn ponds above named are the skating features of the metropolitan localities.

On Thursday, 5th inst., "a grand fancy dress carvival," advertised to come off on the Washington Pond, South Brooklyn, took place; that is, a large crowd of both sexes, numbering some five or six thousand, collected together on the pond during the afternoon and evening, and music from the band and a small display of blue lights, rockets and Roman candles in the evening, made up the carnival, only about three or four adventurous individuals putting in an appearance in fancy costume on the occasion. Pecuniarily, it was a success, but as far as the fancy dress part of the "carnival" was concerned, it was a failure. The weather was most appropriate for such an entertainment, being mild over head, and yet cold enough to keep the ice in good order. It requires great tact and management to get up a fancy dress carnival, the only really successful ones being those of 1862.

SPORTING EXTRAORDINARY.

THE season for quail just over has afforded capital sport for the sportsman, as birds have rarely been more plentiful or in finer condition for the table. The high prices which they have brought in the markets, however, has had the effect of converting many who formerly confined their pursuit of such game to Washington or Fulton markets into *bona fide* sportsmen, and their adventures "by flood and field" in many cases, have been occasionally of a humorous character. On one occasion, three friends of ours, two of them well-known Bonifaces, "Sheffield blades" both, and the other widely renowned in the vicinity of Bleecker and Crosby for his humor and partiality for [illegible] into Westchester County on a shooting excursion. Their success may be briefly described. "They went after quail, and brought down [illegible] blazing away," their game bags and pockets alike empty, one of the party, in putting down the hammer of the lock of his gun, while it was incautiously pointed at their Jehu, it went off, and the charge blew off the hat of the driver, bringing him to the ground "kirflumex," under the impression that he was "kilt intirely." More recently, a party of our acquaintance, including a well-known "American dramatic author," and a retired military officer, who has proved his devotion to the Union on many a battle field, and sealed his patriotism with his blood, started off into the "terra incognita" of New Jersey, in pursuit of sport and game. Arriving at the scene of action, a retired solitary hotel in a wild looking desolate region, whither they had been inveigled by reports of "plenty of game," they commenced operations without delay. For two days they traversed the rugged, mountainous district, without seeing a bird, and the bitter winter blasts having cooled their sporting enthusiasm, yet ashamed to return home until the time they had originally intended to devote to their sporting excursion had expired, they were thrown on their "beam ends" for amusement. Finding that the landlord of their hostelrie had some tame rabbits, and desirous of sport, they made a bargain with him that they should stand in the bar-room by the stove and he should drive the rabbits past the door outside, and on payment of twenty-five cents a shot, they should have the privilege of firing at the "game" as it went past. In this manner they passed three days, to the profit and gratification of their host, who found himself *plus* $47 for the sport he had afforded them, and *minus one rabbit only.* One of the party naively informed us that the only game they had in Jersey was "Euchre and rabbit shooting."

INCREASE OF CRIME IN THE METROPOLIS.
Its Causes.

One of the most striking features of social life at the present day is the reckless disregard, so generally exhibited, of the sacredness of human life. The calendar of crime for the past year in this city exhibits a fearful record, almost sufficient to induce scepticism as to the ameliorating influences of education and religious teachings on the morality of social life. Glancing at the criminal statistics of the twelve months just elapsed, we may well be appalled at the facts brought under our notice. In that short period, we find that in New York the number of deaths by violence at the hands of persons known and unknown, was *one hundred and twenty-three*, eleven of which were by parties unknown. For these murders, sixty-three individuals were arrested and committed; of these thirty-seven were discharged, and only twenty-six sentenced to the State Prison. In a large number of these cases, the guilty perpetrators have not even the commonly urged but fallacious extenuating plea of intoxication, but the crime was committed deliberately and in cool blood. The custom of carrying loaded fire arms or other weapons upon the person has tended in a very great degree to the existence of such a state of affairs. To avenge a fancied insult, or gratify a personal enmity, in the temporary excitement of the moment, the ready pistol or knife is drawn and used, the fatal deed committed, and reflection comes too late to remedy the evil. The very habit of carrying such dangerous weapons about the person, induces in the wearer a fatal habit of estimating lightly the sanctity of human life, as well as a too ready appeal to their use in cases of excitement or personal altercation. We are glad to witness in some of our judicial authorities a desire to put down the practice of carrying concealed weapons on the person, and hope that it is not a mere spasmodic, ephemeral action on their part, in deference to public opinion arising out of the late Houston street atrocity. If the law is not sufficiently stringent and explicit to effect this object, by all means let it be amended and its powers enlarged, so that the custom alluded to may be done away with, and human life be regarded at its proper value.

ANOTHER FARCE.—It is stated in one of the London papers that Jem Mace actually thinks of coming over here to fight Coburn, and has placed £25 in the hands of the editor of said paper, to make a match for £2000. Of course no one believes that anything of the kind is really intended, although Mace may come out here on a sparring speculation. As we have before remarked, Master Jem will consult his own interests by remaining at home. The P. R. is not in a very flourishing condition in this country, and Mace's advent will not be calculated to improve it. The treatment John C. Heenan received in his match with Sayers, is not yet forgotten.

NEWSPAPER FABRICATION.—The following paragraph we clip from a Philadelphia paper of the 7th, and if not contradicted immediately, the lie will travel all over the country, and probably end in the killing of Friery by Lazarus:

"The prize-fighter, Lazarus, who was murdered in New York, was getting the better of another fighting man in a bar-room fight, when suddenly the latter drew out a razor and cut Lazarus' throat from ear to ear. It was a draw game fatal to Lazarus."

All of which is a sheer fabrication. There was no fight at all, as may be seen by reading the evidence given at the Coroner's inquest, a complete report of which is given in another column. Some of the newspaper folks seem to think it no harm to lie about prize-fighters. Let all who have given publicity to the above notice contradict it at once.

SEE!—There are to be five eclipses during the present year, viz., two of the sun, two of the moon, and one of the Confederacy—the latter visible all over the world.

MACEIANA.

The Man of Beeston's Last Move on the Pugilistic Chess Board.

A NEW ADVERTISING DODGE.

THREATENED INVASION BY THE GIPSEY'S CLERK AND "CAPTAIN" HAY (QUERY—"STRAW")

AS "FORERUNNERS."

The Sporting Life, as upholder of Mace in all his actions, whether good, bad, or indifferent, contains a rigmarole of "exclusive information" about Mace's coming to this country to fight Coburn, which, as we look at it, is only intended to bolster up the fallen reputation of Master Jem, and an advertising dodge to draw people to his exhibitions. It says:—

"Mace called at our office yesterday, Dec. 23, and stated that he had determined that Coburn should have another chance, and in order to accommodate him, Jem accepts the American's challenge to fight in Canada, for £2000, and an allowance of £300 for travelling and training expenses. Mace left a deposit of £25 in our hands to forward to New York to make the match, and we shall send that amount as desired. Montague, accompanied by Mace's principal backer, Captain Hay, leaves England about the 10th of next month, and Mace will follow as soon as certain legal proceedings have ended. Mace has sent us the subjoined from one of his backers, which we insert without comment:—

Sir: As one of the backers of Mace, and feeling as I do his reputation is in question, and in order that the public may not be misled as to the nature of the action brought in his name against the proprietor and editor of *Bell's Life in London* for the recovery of the money deposited in their hands for the late intended fight between himself and Coburn, I think it right, in justice to Mace, after the statement published in *Bell's Life* on Saturday last, to state the following facts:—The match was made, and the first deposit paid by certain parties, who have always backed Mace throughout his career, without any communication, either directly or indirectly, with Mr. Brunton. That Mace himself received from various gentlemen the greatest portion of the money found for the purpose of the fight. That Mace, being of necessity frequently absent from London, either handed to or forwarded to Brunton, from time to time, the money to enable him to make the deposits. That Brunton had nothing whatever to do with finding the money for the fight, with the exception of some trifling sum. That all the money deposited by Brunton was actually money given to him by Mace, Mace considering he was befriending Brunton by having the preliminary deposits lodged in his hands at his house. That upon Coburn's party declining to agree upon a proper referee, *Bell's Life* at once handed back Coburn the money which he had deposited, but instead of handing to Mace (as is an invariable practice in such cases) his money, they declined to do so except by cheque payable to the joint order of Brunton and Mace. This Mace very properly declined, and thereupon gave them written notice not to part with the money; notwithstanding this notice, they afterwards handed the money over to Brunton, leaving him to deal with it as he thought proper. I believe that Brunten has handed to certain gentlemen, having made such deductions as he pleased, and leaving those parties who made the match, and found a large portion of the money, entirely unpaid. Under the foregoing circumstances, and feeling that Mace has been grievously ill-used, the gentlemen referred to had determined to bring the action, not only to recover the money, but to enable Mace to place himself in his proper position before the public."

This letter, bearing no signature or date, from "one of Mace's backers," (more likely from his "clerk,") which is "inserted without comment," as usual, by his organ, we think requires a little comment for the information of those who have been led to look upon the aforesaid paper as the Gospel of Truth, and that, too, at our hands, because we think we know something about the circumstances connected with the raising of the £600 for the match between him and Coburn, and because no other paper either here or there has the manliness to come out and expose this humbuggery. Who put up the first deposit is a matter of no account to us, but this much we do know, that everybody looked to Brunton for the return of their money in case the match failed to come off, and notified him that they held him responsible therefor. He kept a list of the names of those who staked money on behalf of Mace, and if we remember rightly, had vouchers for the whole £600, and the parties looked to the stakeholder to return the same to Brunton, thereby ignoring Mace altogether, and from former actions it is to be judged that their opinion was, that if Mace got the money, he would pocket it and that would [illegible] ties did hand Mace money outside of this, but as to his sending that money to Brunton is a horse of another color. He may have [illegible] it in his possession, as he was always complaining of being "short," and by his palavering, try and make the victims believe that it is Brunton who is keeping the money back from them—that he sent it to Brunton, and such like talk, but to men who know Mace and his love of filthy lucre, "that cock won't fight." The only way to get at the bottom of this, would be for Brunton to publish a list of those from whom he got money, and to whom he returned it, and then let those who gave Mace money personally, publish a card to that effect, so that the British public may know how much was raised over the £600—this would bring it all out, but we fear it is not practicable, as there are sporting noblemen who wouldn't thus figure in print for all the money Mace and Coburn were to have fought for. None know this better than Mace, and there is no telling how much he made out of the speculation. Even in a Court of law it couldn't all be found out, although we should no doubt be treated to an insight into a species of rascality connected with the Prize Ring hitherto only known to the few. Mace's threat to sue the stakeholder we look upon as all bounce and buncombe, however others may view it. What will be the next dodge, pray?

OUR DRAMATIC PORTRAIT GALLERY.

WILLIAM E. MORRIS.

THIS popular representative of Ethiopianism was born at or inside of Fort Niagara, N. Y., May 11th, 1832. At fifteen years of age he entered the Minstrel profession at Buffalo, N. Y., and joined "Williams' Empire Minstrels." At first he appeared only in small parts, but continued to gain popularity with his audiences, and at the same time made rapid progress in his profession until 1852, when he visited Boston for the first time, and was engaged by John Ordway, then managing a minstrel band in that city. From the first night he appeared with the Ordway party he became a great favorite. He continued with this party until 1858, when he withdrew, and, in company with his brother Lon, Johnny Pell and Trowbridge, organized a band and opened at the School Street Opera House, where they soon established themselves as great favorites with the Bostonians and the travelling public in general, since which time they have continued on, and at the present time the Morris Brothers, Pell and Trowbridge have the reputation all over the country of being at the head and front of one of the best organized minstrel bands in existence. As a performer, Billy Morris is one of the most quaint and original performers that puts on burnt-cork. He has made for himself a world-wide reputation by his style of singing, which is peculiarly his own. In comic songs he has few if any superiors on the stage, and the songs he sings possess a great amount of wit and humor. In our own opinion there is a great difference between a comic singer and a singer of comic songs, and it is with the former that Mr. Morris ranks. In one of his songs, imitations of the mocking-bird are given—no spiritless strain of a caged songster, but a genuine gush of wild melody, free and clear and joyously defiant—seeming to burst from the air above us, to circle swiftly around us, and to bring in upon us the coolness of the woods and the rustle of the green leaves in the evening wind. Mr Morris, in his imitations of this bird, has never been surpassed in the profession. It is an artistic performance and alone is worth the price of admission. As a general performer he has few equals, and a more artistic "tambo" cannot be found in burnt-cork-dom; he handles that instrument as graceful and with as much ease as he does the ribbons when seated behind his fast team. In the Olio, or funny business, he is "all there." His very appearance on the stage is the cue for laughter, and when he retires, after having played an act, he leaves the audience in the best of humor. He has identified himself with several characters in farces and pantomimes in which he has appeared, and so much so, that whenever they are repeated, the talk is of nothing but Billy Morris' performance of this or that character. Mr. Morris is a great admirer of that noble animal—the horse—and being quite a connoisseur in horse flesh, is the fortunate possessor of one or two of the fastest and finest blooded stock in the country. Almost every pleasant day can he be seen on Washington street, Boston, with one of the best turn-outs that that city boasts of. Out of the profession as well as in it, Mr. Morris has a host of friends, and he is considered by all to be a perfect gentleman.

THE TRAP.—A pleasant and agreeable shooting match came off here to-day; it was warmly and well contested; the birds were good, and flew well; the day was raw and cold, and I consider the shooting good for this place. Birds are too hard to be procured here to allow the Knights of the Trigger to attain as great a degree of perfection as they do in your Eastern clubs. The match was for the Champion's Badge of the Keokuk Shooting Club, 21 yards rise, 80 boundary, 1¼oz. shot—Messrs. Cross and Wykoff, judges; W. N. Stannus, scorer. The following is the score:—

J. Stannus	1010110110010—7	out of 13.
P. P. Royce	0010101111011—8	" "
D. Robertson	0111100100010—6	" "
H. Tebleman	1010101111111—10	" "
J. Dollery	0111110111011—10	" "
W. Stannus	1000110101111—8	" "
T. Bowden	0110110011110—8	" "
R. Worster	1001110011110—8	" "

The rule in this club in shooting off ties, is, that the first miss loses. When ready, Tebleman fired and the bird fell to his gun; Dollery was less fortunate; his bird went out of bounds, and so ended the annual Christmas shooting match of the Keokuk Shooting Club.

Keokuk, Dec. 26th, '64. SCOLOPAX.

RATS.—Rats are a voracious set, for it is estimated that one pair of rats, with their progeny, will produce in three years no less a number than 646,808 rats, who would consume, day by day, as much food as 64,680 men, and then leave eight rats to starve.

INTERNATIONAL CURLING MATCH.

United States vs. Canada.

OUR Scottish friends have been anticipating with the most lively interest the day on which the International Curling Match between the several rinks of Canada and the United States was to take place, at or near Buffalo, N. Y. The late seasonable weather, and welcome visits of Old Jack Frost, gave ample opportunity for the cannie curlers to practice, and fearful lest the opportunity should elude them, the leaders of this sport met in convention, and named Thursday, January 5th, as the day for the great gathering of the clans, and, as might be supposed, the note of preparation for the contest was soon sounded almost all over the Northern section of this continent. Before proceeding further in describing the affair, and by way of giving our American readers, who are not so well posted as our Highland friends, a little instruction in the curling art, we here give a brief

DESCRIPTION OF THE GAME.

1. Curling is always practiced upon the ice, and is, like golfing, a national game peculiar to Scotland. It requires several large stones, one for each player, of from 50 to 70lbs weight, with an iron handle in the top; and a piece of level and strong ice, upon which a "rink," or course, ten feet wide, and varying from thirty to fifty yards in length, according to the ice, is cleared of snow. At each end of this, a small hole is made called a "tee," around which two circles are drawn called "broughs," one larger than the other. These are merely intended for the more ready measurement of the distance of each stone from the tee, and must also be cleared of snow. A line, called the "hogscore," is drawn across the rink at each end, at a distance from the tee equal to one sixth of the rink, whatever that may be.

2. The play is tolerably simple in principle, but requires great strength and practice. The first player's object is to slide his stone as near the tee as possible, and in front of it. The next endeavors to beat the first, either by the greater proximity of his stone in the first instance, or by driving that of the first player away. A stone gliding by the tee is almost sure to be out of the game. Those of the same side either guard their partner's stone, if it is in a very likely place, or attempt to obtain a better position for themselves. When all have been played, the stone nearest the tee counts one, and all those of the same side which are not beaten by one of the other, also score one "shot," as it is called, the whole number constituting game being 31. By the above brief description, those not acquainted with the game will have discovered that curling is very similar to the English game of bowls, and in counting game, etc., not unlike quoits.

EXPLANATION OF TERMS.

Curling Stones.—These are made of various kinds of stone (usually granite in Scotland), as they are also various in size, shape, weight, or color, according to local by-laws and the taste of the owner. Some have brass and ivory handles at top, and some have ebony and swan-necked handles, inlaid and ornamented more or less according to circumstances. The weights range from 30 lbs. to 50 lbs. each. Those in ordinary use usually cost in Scotland about £2 10s. Those intended for presentation or as prizes are quite costly.

Rink.—This term is generally applied to the course of ice used by the players. A "full rink" signifies eight players, with all the implements of the game complete.

Tee.—This is a piece of wood placed in a small hole made in the ice, and around this hole are marked various concentric circles, as if by a pair of compasses, and the largest circle has a radius of seven feet. Another tee is placed on the line of the rink, at distances ranging from 28 to 38 yards, according to the "glibness" of the ice and the state of the weather. Four yards behind this last distance, a piece of roughly punched sheet iron is laid down for the player to stand upon, and this would make his total distance 42 yards, which is frequently the case, but the distance may vary to ten yards less, or twenty yards more, according to agreement and the weather at the time.

Hogscore.—This is invariably one sixth of the distance at which the tee is placed, whatever that may be. It is a line drawn across the rink. When a stone does not reach this scratch, the opponents cry out "A hog!" and the player must remove the stone, as well as lose his throw.

Raising, or Promoting.—Both of these terms are in use to signify that a previous stone played is now driven by the last player's stone giving it a shove nearer the tee.

Chap and Lie.—This is the expression when the last player's stone shoves forward a previous one, and takes its place.

Drawing.—This is said of a player whose skill can make his stone take up a desired position, and not touch any other.

Guarding.—This is a still more difficult style of play, and consists of taking up a position partly or wholly in front of an adversary's stone, or to guard one's own previously played.

Inwicking.—A player who can make use of the rebound from striking some important stone so as to hit an important one out of the way, is said to inwick.

Outwicking.—This operation requires similar skill, but has a different result, for the played stone must hit its object on the outside and drive it in towards the tee, although perhaps flying off itself. The outside of a stone which has been played means that which is the farthest from the player.

Chipping.—This means a brisk tap at one corner or one side of an adversary's stone, so as to drive it away and still proceed towards the tee.

Skip.—This is the captain on each side, usually four players on each, but the skips play last. Which side may commence is usually decided by the toss of a "bawbee," or copper. After that the players must obey the directions of their respective skips, for they have the responsibility. Of course the skip likes to know that he has three good players as partners.

THE GATHERING OF THE CLANS.

Members of all the clubs, save eight, that were expected to participate in the match, having reached Buffalo on the evening of Wednesday, Jan. 4th, a meeting was held in the old Library Room of the Young Men's Association. James S. Lyon, Esq., chairman of the managing committee, was on motion called to preside over the deliberations of the meeting, and the following gentlemen were elected Vice Presidents: Messrs. Barclay, of Detroit; Dickson, of Albany; Dr. Hamilton, of West Flamboro, C. W.; and John Torrence, of Scarboro, C. W. George McNoe, of Buffalo, was appointed Secretary. The various delegations from abroad being duly received, the following rinks, with their respective skips, reported:

UNITED STATES CLUBS.

Rink.	Skip.	Rink.	Skip.
N. Y. Mills, No. 1.	Sam Slour	Kingston	M. Cairuthers
" "	2. S. R. Campbell	Coburg, No. 1	Jas. Cameron
St. And.'s, N. Y.	1. John Bell	" 2	E. McNaught'n
" "	2. Wm. Kellont	Port Hope	
" "	3. Wm. Mairson	Scarboro	Jno. Torrance
Thistle, N. Y.,	1. And. Mitchell	Toronto, No. 1	D. Forbes
" "	2. Wm. Deans	" 2	J. Sheddon
" "	3. J. C. McGregor	" 3	J. Helliwell
Caledoni'n, N. Y.	1. John Gillres	Hamilton, 1	Jos. Jarden
" "	2. M. Baxter	" 2	J. A. Bruce
" "	3. R. McMorine	" 3	J. Simpson
" "	4. Jas. Gibson	" 4	G. H. Gillespie
Ripton, Penn.,	1. W. Williams'n	" 5	R. N. Law
" "	2. J. Williamson	" 6	W. G. Crawf'rd
Cleveland, O.,	1. Jas. Proudfoot	Dundas	Alex. Barry
" "	2. D. Brown	Flamboro, No. 1	David Frasier
Paterson, N. J.,	1. John R. Smith	" 2	And. Murray
" "	2 Robert Smith	Seneca & Ancas'r	Jas. Gibson
Buffalo, N. Y.,	1. David Bell	Chatham, No. 1	David Walker
" "	2. A. McPherson	" 2	J. B. Ellison
" "	3. Geo. McNoe		

The eight clubs that did not report, but were expected to be represented on the following day in time to take part in the match, were the Clark's Mills and Boston clubs, of the United States; and London, Paris, Guelph, Montreal, Galt, and Simcoe clubs, of Canada.

The various clubs having reported, a general discussion took place as to the "stanes" to be used, some of the clubs having cast iron, solid or hollow, while the majority played with the granite stone. On motion, the decision of the executive committee, that iron be played against iron and stone against stone, was reconsidered, and a committee of five was appointed to make a final determination in the matter. The following gentlemen were appointed as such committee: Robert Law and G. H. Gillespie, of Hamilton; Dr. Hamilton, of West Flamboro; David Bell, of Buffalo; and Mr. Smythe, of Albany. The committee was instructed to report at a meeting to be held at the same place on the morning of the day.

The Umpires appointed were William Barclay, of Detroit, and William B. McMurrich, of Toronto.

It was agreed that the several skips should draw for rinks upon arrival on the ice. The game to commence at 11 o'clock A. M., and to close at 4 P. M., the signal for beginning being the firing of the third gun, a single gun indicating the hour of closing.

THE DAY.

The concurrent testimony of all those present is in laudation of the day, the weather being delightful, and the ice and the arrangements generally being adapted to curling to a "tee." The breeze from the lake was moderate, and the thermometer stood at a comfortable degree for out of doors exercise, and Thursday, January 5, 1865, will be long held in remembrance by the cannie curlers of the United States and Canadas.

THE ADJOURNED MEETING.

An adjourned meeting of the clubs entered for the contest was held in the old Library Rooms of the Young Men's Association, and all the necessary preliminaries arranged in a manner satisfactory to both sides.

REPAIRING TO THE SCENE OF HOSTILITIES.

At the close of the meeting, the representatives of the several clubs repaired to the "seat of war" in the Niagara street cars a little after 9 o'clock A. M. The place selected for the play was the Black Rock Harbor, in the immediate vicinity of Pratt's Iron Works, and a better spot could not be found anywhere near the city. To this point hundreds of people of both sexes hied themselves during the afternoon, and many of them took advantage of the excellent condition of the ice and made their observations on skates. The ladies particularly attracted considerable attention from our Canadian visitors, and their graceful movements on "irons" were the subject of no small amount of admiration. The Niagara street cars were overloaded as they passed back and forth, and numberless vehicles were brought into requisition for the benefit of those who wished to see the genuine Scotch game of curling, and to a large number of citizens the day was a gala one.

THE RINKS.

At 11 o'clock, all things having been pronounced ready, play commenced, the rinks were chosen on either side, and paired off in the following order. The annexed table also gives the names of the players and the aggregate number of points scored:—

UNITED STATES.	CANADA.
No. 1.	
PITTSTON, PA.	GALT.
Alex Mitchell	Robert Ovens
Jas S McMullen	David Caldwell
Robert Thompson	Robert Wallis
John Williamson, skip.......26	R Webster, skip..........23
No. 2.	
CALEDONIA, N. Y.	BURLINGTON.
John Russell	A T Wood
John Thompson	D Edgar
William Congalton	James Wilson
James Gibson, skip.........28	J A Bruce, skip..........22
No. 3.	
PITTSTON, PA.	FERGUS.
John Watson	A Forrester
A McMillen	R Lingwood
A B Robertson	I Watt
William Williamson, skip....24	M Anderson, skip.........21
No. 4.	
ALBANY.	DUNDAS.
W H Taylor	George Bennett
D S Blair	Thomas Corvile
W Dixon	Thomas Wilson
John Smyth, skip..........15	Alexander Barrie, skip.....45
No. 5.	
CLEVELAND.	ONTARIO.
C Cleveland	George Hamilton
William Day	H B Bull
William Proudfoot	Dr Jamieson
D Brown skip..........12	G H Gillespie, skip........37
No. 6.	
CALEDONIA, N. Y.	TORONTO.
Samuel McConchie	Captain J Parsons
James Taylor	John Riddel
D Johnston	Alexander McPherson
R McMorine, skip..........19	D Forbes, skip..........23
No. 7.	
NEW YORK MILLS.	SIMCOE.
J S Campbell	J W Thompson
G H Warner	D Swinton
William Mackie	J C Lee
S R Campbell, skip.........23	J Williamson, skip..........38
No. 8.	
ST. ANDREWS, N. Y.	TORONTO, No. 1.
John Dunlop	J E Thompson
Robert Nicol	Major Grey
William Hogg	Captain Perry
John Bell, skip..........19	John Sheddon, skip.........36
No. 9.	
BUFFALO.	W. FLAMBORO.
William Mores	Charles Durrant
D McGillivray	Dr Hamilton
William Leck	John Hore
D Bell, skip..........21	David Frazer, skip.........21
No. 10.	
CALEDONIA, N. Y.	LONDON.
William McGrath	John McDonald
Alexander Ray	Jasper Bennett
John Templeton	H B Struchan,
J Gilles, skip..........26	Hewit Fish, skip..........26
No. 11.	
PATERSON, N. J.	PORT HOPE.
James Snelie	G C Ward
W Englis	P Monsell
Alexander Phillips	H E Williams
J R Smith, skip..........24	R Brody, skip..........24
No. 12.	
BUFFALO.	PARIS.
John Anderson	G Burchagel
N Brown	Joseph Lamb
J A Campbell	William Thompson
A McPherson, skip..........15	William Totten, skip.........37
No. 13.	
ALBANY, No. 1.	TORONTO, No. 3.
George C Scott	James Pringle
John Milner	William Henderson
J O Montaguinon	John Humphreys
James Dickson, skip..........19	J Helliwell, skip..........38
No. 14.	
THISTLE, N. Y., No. 2.	THAMES, LONDON.
W Ritche	William McBride
James Crawford	Alex Campbell
B Quin	Ed Glackmeyer
William Deans, skip..........15	James Durand, skip..........29
No. 15.	
THISTLE, N. Y., No 1.	SCARBORO.
James Thompson	John Torrence
Charles McKenzie	Andrew Fleming
George Clemison	William Purdey
Andrew Mitchell, skip.......26	R Thompson, skip..........25
No. 16.	
YORK MILLS, N. Y.	KINGSTON.
Stewart Walcot	John Fraser
John McLean	P G Crysler
Gobert Jamison	C. J. Gildersleeve
Sam Sloane, skip..........17	J Carruthers, skip..........27
No. 17.	
BURNS, CLEVELAND.	CHATHAM.
William Downie	Robert Lowe
W Lowrie	John Ferguson
J H Browne	W McCrae
James Proudfoot, skip......22	J B Allison, skip..........23
No. 18.	
BUFFALO, No. 1.	ARY.
William Browne	Thomas Colwell
Alexander Allan	William Ewrie
John Walls	William Laughlot
George McNoe, skip..........19	Robert Falls, skip..........24
No. 19.	
ALBANY.	BURLINGTON.
Andrew McMurry	James Boyd
Thomas Barclay	James Morrison
B W Shacks	George James
William Manson, skip.......16	James Jardine, skip..........31
No. 20.	
ST. ANDREWS, N. Y.	BURLINGTON.
A Dalrymple	Peter Birch
John Bryden	William Palmer
Thomas Hutchinson	D Nicholson
William Kellock, skip.........22	James Simpson, skip.........16
No. 21.	
PATERSON, N. J.	WAVERLY, COBURG, No. 2.
James Watson	W Rattan
William Trenic	Aleq McCullum
A Collier	John Pratt
Robert Smith, skip..........24	James Campbell, skip.........18
No. 22.	
THISTLE, N. Y., No. 3.	LONDON, THAMES, No. 3.
Andrew Barr	D Currie
James Mackin	James Glen
James Chambers	Charles Murray
J C McGregor, skip..........25	James Moffatt, skip..........22
No. 23.	
CALEDONIA, No. 2.	WEST FLAMBORO.
Thomas Kerr	James Black
A McClintock	J Weir Jr
James Brand	William Haines
M Baxter, skip..........21	A Murray, skip..........30
Total..........478	Total..........666

OUTSIDE MATCHES.

In addition to the several contests in the regular tournament, two extra rinks on either side were made up, and some excellent play shown and pleasure experienced; their scores, however, were not recorded. The rinks were:—

OUTSIDE, No. 1.	
	ANCASTER, THISTLE.
Wm Craig, W Hartley,	J Grant, R S Dengley,
A Burns, R N Law—skip.	R Gibson, Jas Gibson—skip.
No. 2.	
HAMILTON.	CHATHAM.
G S Keith, C J Malcomson,	S Mercer, S M Smith,
J Watson, W G Crawford—skip.	C E Pegley, P Walker—skip.

THE CANADIANS VICTORS.

A glance at the above aggregate total will show that the Canadians excelled our Scottish-American friends in sliding the "stanes," and that they gained a victory by a handsome majority of points. The play was pronounced by those competent to judge as having been of the very first order, and with some of the rinks some very exciting contests resulted. The match having closed, the various clubs adjourned to the cars; but these were wholly inadequate to supply the demand for conveyance, and consequently many of them did not return to Buffalo till after 6 o'clock. A meeting was held, when the score was read by the President, Mr. Lyon, and the result was announced amid the most enthusiastic cheers. Congratulations were freely tendered to the winners, and we need say no more than that our Canadian friends wore their honors most becomingly. The umpires—Messrs. Wm. Barclay, of Detroit, and William B. McMurrich, of Toronto, discharged their duties impartially, and to the satisfaction of both parties.

THE BANQUET.

About seven o'clock the party took possession of American Hall, where the curlers and their guests, numbering nearly three hundred persons, sat down to a dinner which proved entirely worthy of the chosen caterer, Mr. Peter Diehl. The Hall was handsomely decorated with the national bunting, and the Stars and Stripes and the Union Jack, hung side by side over the stage and around the galleries. Various mottos occupied prominent positions on the front of the galleries and at other points. Over the stage was suspended a streamer with the following:

Happy we've been a' thigether,
Happy we've been ane an' a',
Blyther still we'll be thigether.
Ere we rise to gang awa',

At the opposite end of the Hall appeared the following motto:

Man to man the world o'er,
Shall brothers be for a' that,

On either side of the gallery were the following lines:

This is yae night o' our lives,
Wha wadna wish it warna twa?
This is one night of our lives,
Who would not wish it were not two?

The Union Cornet Band discoursed most delicious music, and nothing was wanting to insure the comfort and care of the banqueters. The national dishes, "Beef and Greens" and "Haggis," had their places on the bill of fare, and although they were highly relished, the fascinations of boned turkey, roast beef, roast chicken, and a fine variety of game, etc., could not be overlooked. Chaplain Robie then asked grace, and prompt attention was at once given to substantials and liquids; all of which were discussed in the most appropriate manner. The feast being concluded, a brief address was delivered by the President, who made a formal presentation of the symbol of victory, the broom, to Mr. R. N. Law, the Canadian Secretary. This, Mr. L. accepted in a neat speech, which was received with enthusiasm.

THE TOASTS.

The following regular toasts were then read and drank with the usual honors:—

The President of the United States—Under his administration may the Union be restored and peace and prosperity again visit our land.

Music—"Hail Columbia."

The Queen of Great Britain and Ireland—Under her benignant reign may the arts of peace be promoted, and the other sovereignties of the old world learn to rule in wisdom.

Music—"God Save the Queen."

The Day and a' wha honor it—The day of the Great International Match. May no more bitter strife ever exist between us than there has this day been exhibited.

Music—"Auld Lang Syne."

The Army and Navy—The gallant sentinels of the nation's honor.

Music—"The Star Spangled Banner."

Auld Scotia—The land o' cakes and curlers.

Music—"Here's a Health, Bonnie Scotland, to Thee."

Old England—With all thy faults, we love thee still.

Music—"British Grenadiers."

America—The asylum for the oppressed of every land, may the arms of her hospitality be ever extended.

Music—"Yankee Doodle."

Liberty—The world over.

Music—"Scots wa hae wi' Wallace bled."

The above toasts and sentiments were offered in neat and spirited speeches, all of them expressing the greatest friendliness for the cause of the Union, and containing expressions of hope that nothing should ever occur to sever the ties which bind the people of Canada and the United States together.

Numerous volunteer toasts followed, one of which, "*To the Press,*" was responded to by Mr. Stewart, of New York city, and the Messrs. Stow and Bryan, of Buffalo. We should not neglect to state that the President, Mr. Lyon, and the Secretary, Mr. McNoe, were duly toasted during the feast, and their indefatigable labors highly commended. It is all but unnecessary to add that "Scots wa hae wi' Wallace bled" do not make an early retreat at any time, nor did they on this occasion, for mirth and jollity reigned supreme till the "wee sma' hours ayant the twa'," when the whole of the programme was quite fulfilled, much to the gratification and satisfaction of all concerned, and it is the universal testimony of both those who witnessed and those who took part in it, that the Great International Curling Tournament of 1865 was a complete success. In closing our report we cordially endorse the hope expressed by the Buffalo *Courier & Republic*, that it may be annually repeated, and that next time we shall have the pleasure of recording a victory for the United States curlers.

THE RING.

INDIAN CLUBS! INDIAN CLUBS!!--No better gymnastic appliances exist for simplicity of use, or tending more to a general development and strengthening of the physical system, than the Indian Club, and it is fast coming into public favor as a means of exercise. Mr. S. D. KEHOE, the principal manufacturer of Indian Clubs in this country, is now in receipt of orders from all sections, and he is filling them up as rapidly as possible. Mr. Kehoe made the Clubs used by JOHN C. HEENAN and JOE COBURN, the Pugilistic Champions, in their training. Also for DUDLEY KAVANAGH, the Billiard Champion, and JAMES HAMILL, the Aquatic Champion.

Clubs, 6 to 8 lbs.......................$5 per pair
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Orders addressed to S. D. KEHOE, BOX 4816, Post Office, New York, will receive immediate attention.
All orders outside of New York city must be accompanied with the money. 35-tf

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Wines, Liquors, Ales, Cigars, and everything of the best quality.
SPLENDID COLLECTION OF SPORTING PRINTS ON VIEW.
Strangers should not leave town without calling at the White House. JOE COBURN &
CAPTAIN SAUNDERS,
Proprietors.
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HARRY JENNINGS,
32 Portland street, Boston,
Agents wanted. 28

THE NAUTILUS BRANCH.--THOMAS C. BURNS has removed from the Old Homestead on Staten Island to this City, and can hereafter always be found at No. 1 BARCLAY STREET, on the corner of Broadway, where he has laid in a store of the Choicest Wines, Liquors, Ales, and Cigars, making his bar unsurpassed in quality. Mr. Burns will always be happy to see his friends and the public at the Branch, where all the above luxuries can be enjoyed in Oriental style. 16-3m

BOXING GLOVES! BOXING GLOVES!!--OLD BILL TOVEE, Master of Ceremonies of the Ring, will send per express a superior sett of GLOVER'S BOXING GLOVES, to any State now in the Union, on receipt of $6. GLOVES CLEANED at the shortest notice. Address WILLIAM TOVEE,
14-tf No. 575 Second av., corner of 35th st., N. Y. City.

"ED WILSON,"
Has fitted up the elegant and extensive premises at
No. 16 LEROY PLACE,
Corner of Bleecker and Greene streets,
as a first class Bar and Club Room, where the worthy host is ready to bid a hearty welcome to all. His Wines, Liquors, and Cigars are unsurpassed, and everything is of the best quality. A splendid PORTRAIT GALLERY on exhibition. 27-3m

THE CHARLES H. MARSHALL HOUSE.
MICHAEL HENRY.......................Proprietor.
No. 69 FULTON STREET, BROOKLYN.
THE CHOICEST
ALES, WINES, LIQUORS, AND SEGARS. 33

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ED. LOWERY,
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Where the choicest ALES, WINES, LIQUORS, and SEGARS, ekept constantly on hand. Free and Easy every evening. Free use of Dumb Bells, Clubs, and Gloves. 28-3m*

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Are on hand to welcome all the Sporting Band,
First-class Swells or Lady Killers—
Farmers' Sons and the Guerrilas,
All will here be treated right,
And welcome find both day and night.
THE 10-40 LOAN,
14 EAST HOUSTON STREET, NEW YORK.
M. H. MOORE, [27-3m] B. FRIDAY.

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156 AVENUE C, corner of Tenth street, New York. 26

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WINES, LIQUORS, AND CIGARS.
T. W. FENTON, [35-6m] A. S. DOLE.

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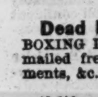
NO. 428 BROOME STREET, near Broadway.
JOHNNY LAZARUS.......................Proprietor,
The very best Ales, Wines, Liquors and Cigars.
PUBLIC SPARRING every Saturday and Monday Evenings free, commencing at 8, P. M., under the superintendance of JOHNNY LAZARUS and BARRY, THE KID.
PRIVATE INSTRUCTION at all hours of the Day and Evening. Gloves furnished by the proprietor, free of charge.
17 OPEN NIGHT AND DAY.



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THE LAZARUS MURDER.

The Grand Jury Indict Barney Friery as the Murderer.

HIS TRIAL SET APART FOR MONDAY, JAN. 16.

TESTIMONY ELICITED AT THE CORONER'S INQUEST.

"SQUEALING JACK" CAUGHT.

THE FUNERAL CEREMONIES OF THE UNFORTUNATE VICTIM.

IN THE CLIPPER of last week our readers were informed of the brutal and cowardly murder of Harry Lazarus, and the arrest of Friery on the same day (further particulars of which will be found in John Dwyer's evidence, given below). Owing to another murder case, the Coroner adjourned the inquest until the following day, Jan. 4th, but as soon as it was known that Friery had been caught, thousands endeavored to gain admittance to the Fourteenth Ward Station House, to get a glimpse of him—this, however, was not to be had, and only a select few, comprising members of the press and certain officials were allowed the privilege. The community, however, experienced a feeling of relief on the news of the capture, and it became the subject of conversation in all places of public resort the remainder of the day. On Wednesday the Station House was thronged to hear the evidence in the case at the Coroner's inquest by the friends of the murdered man, and curses low and deep were muttered on the head of Friery, and there were unmistakable evidences that, had they been allowed to deal with him he would have had little mercy shown. We here give the proceedings which took place at the inquest:—

Coroner Collin having obtained a jury composed of citizens mostly unknown to the friends of either of the interested parties, proceeded to take testimony, the most important of which may be found below:—

Israel Lazarus, being duly sworn, deposes and says—I reside at 223 Centre street; I am father of deceased; at twelve o'clock on Monday night last, January 2, was the last time I saw my son alive; it was at my house; he was in a very good humor, kissed his parents and passed the compliments of the season; he retired shortly after to go home; on Tuesday morning, about four o'clock, my daughter came to my door, and said—"Father, there's some men at the door, and said, Harry has been very much hurt; father, I won't deceive you, Harry's dead; he's been stabbed in the neck;" I immediately got out of bed and went around to my son John's and awoke him up; I then went up to Harry's place, 12 Houston street; I found him there, dead; Captain Williamson gave me permission to convey the body down to my place.

Henry Connell, being duly sworn, deposes and says—I reside at the Prescott House, in Houston street, between Crosby and Mulberry streets; I am barkeeper for Harry Lazarus; I was at the house No. 12 Houston street on the night in question; between half-past three and four o'clock on the morning of the 3d, Harry was talking about going home; I told him he had better go; I was outside of the bar and Harry was trying to kick me on the shins in a playful manner; Barney Friery then came in, with four or five more; I think there were only myself and deceased in the room at the time; I did not know the parties with Friery, except one called 'California Jack;' as soon as Harry saw them coming in he stopped playing with me, and started back as though he was surprised at seeing them come in; "California Jack" was the first man who spoke: he said, "I'll bet a hundred dollars I've got a man here that can lick any man in the house;" he then asked Friery what weight he was; I did not hear the reply Friery made; they then called for cigars; while I was serving the cigars California Jack offered to bet ten dollars that there was a man there who could take Harry's pistol from him; Harry said he would not bet, as he had no pistol with him; he opened his coat and showed them that he had no pistol with him; I spoke to two of the men who were with Friery, and told them to try and not have any muss in the house; they said there would not be any row; they then stepped over to Friery and said something to him to tell him to stop; Friery then advanced to deceased, and wanted to shake hands with Harry; deceased shook his head and said, "No, I don't want to shake hands with you;" Friery then stepped back to the bar and rested on it, and said to Harry, "You are a God damned little sucker and a loafer;" Harry had his right hand bandaged up with a handkerchief; he pulled one of the handkerchiefs off, came up to the bar and said, "I'll fight you anyhow; there's no cow blood in me;" I spoke to Clark again to stop it; he went over to Friery again to endeavor to stop it; some one called for a cigar; I heard Friery say to Harry, "You are a good little man;" as I turned back to the counter I saw Friery drawing a knife out of Harry's neck under his ear, and drive it back the second time; everybody then in the house then ran out; deceased then staggered over to the table; I caught him; I got a towel off the counter and bound it around Harry's neck; as I was doing this Friery was just going out of the door; he was the last one to go out; as he was going out he said, "Harry, you are a good little man, but I think I've fixed you;" Harry tried to walk across to the door; I held him up till he got half way across the room, when his hands dropped to his side and his jaw fell; he was then dead, and I laid him on the floor; I was just about getting the cigars when I saw Friery pulling the knife out of Harry's neck and plunge it in again; the parties that were with Friery immediately left when they saw the knife; several persons came in before the murder was committed; when I laid Harry on the floor I ran out to Broadway and Houston street for a policeman; as I got there I saw a young man by the name of Christopher Richards coming back with a policeman; as I got out doors I saw a sleigh that was standing between our door and Friery's door, with two white horses, drive off with some persons in it; the person now present is Friery; he keeps a place next to Harry's, No. 14 Houston street; the policeman rapped for assistance; several policemen then came; I took Harry's personal effects and gave them to a policeman, after taking an account of them; the body was removed about an hour afterwards; I went down to the station house, gave my name in, and went back to the house again.

Christopher Richards, being duly sworn, says:—I reside at No. 168 West Nineteenth street; I went into Harry's place between two and three o'clock on Tuesday morning; I saw Harry Lazarus, the barkeeper, and two others present; Harry asked me to go home, as I was sick; I told him I would if he would: he said he would; I went out of the door to go home, and looked to see if he was coming to; I walked off the stoop, and I saw a sleigh just stopped near the door, with Friery and four or five others in it; I thought there would be something up, so I stayed outside the door; they went into Harry's place, and I afterwards went in after them; I sat down near the stove and table; I was acquainted with Friery; I saw Friery walk over from the bar to the table, where Harry was standing, with his back towards the bar; Friery said to Harry, "You are a good little fellow;" at the same time he pulled out a knife and plunged it into Harry's neck, just below the ear; the knife was about nine inches long; it was a dirk knife and double edged; Friery walked over to the bar and put the knife in his pocket; I ran out to get a policeman; I found a policeman in about five or ten minutes; a policeman came and rapped for assistance; several then came; I went inside with the policemen, and I saw the deceased lying on his back on the floor, dead, in a pool of blood; the blade of the knife appeared to be six or seven inches long; I judged it to be a knife that did not close up.

James McDonald, being duly sworn, deposes and says:—I reside in Ninetieth street, between Third and Fourth avenues; Mr. Clark and myself came along in a sleigh about four o'clock on Tuesday m[illegible]; we went into No. 14 Houston street to get a cigar; they had none; we then went next door to Mr. Lazarus'; I saw in Moore's place Friery and two or [illegible]; Friery is a partner of Moore's; I had not been [illegible] men that night; Friery did not go in with [illegible] with them before [illegible] us; he went in before us; when I was in there I saw Friery and Lazarus wrangling and talking about fighting; the next thing I saw was Lazarus cut in the neck by Friery; after the man was stabbed I saw the knife in Friery's hand; they then all left the house but the barkeeper and myself; Friery appeared to be intoxicated at the time; I did not see Lazarus do anything to Friery but jawing; I then said "this man is murdered;" I walked out and jumped into the sleigh with Clark; Friery jumped in afterwards, and we went towards his house; I told him that he had better go home; that he would be arrested, as the man was dead; we were going to Harlem with our sleigh, and he came along with us; he did not go at my solicitation; the sleigh belonged in Harlem and I reside in Yorkville; he had not been with us previously; I had not seen him before on that evening; I and Mr. Clark were arrested about four o'clock yesterday afternoon; Friery was with us when we were arrested; he had been with us from the time of the murder; we were in a lager beer saloon on Third avenue and 117th street when we were arrested.

John Dwyer, being duly sworn, deposes and says: I am a patrolman of the Twenty-third precinct; there was an alarm sent up to the station house about twenty minutes after four o'clock, from the central office, ordering the arrest of a party of four men, in a sleigh with gray horse, who had committed a murder in Houston street; myself and partner were patrolling together about twenty minutes to five o'clock; I stopped a sleigh in Central Park with a gray horse, with a party of two men and ladies in it. I knew the man who drove the sleigh, and knew it could not be the parties; I patrolled my beat up to six o'clock, until I got relieved; I was in my bed when two Fourteenth ward officers came to my house and notified me that Barney Friery had committed the murder; I knew Barney; I saw the sleigh go by in the morning with two horses; I did not think they were the parties, as the despatch said one horse; we went up to Harlem Bridge; we saw the sleigh and horses at the bridge, and the driver; we made some inquiries of the driver; the sleigh belonged to Mr. Armstrong, at the bridge; I got a description of the parties at Armstrong's; we then went down to Harry Hill's, Seventy-first street and Third avenue, and made inquiries there; the barkeeper said he had not seen them, that he had shut up at nine o'clock and opened at seven or eight in the morning; I parted with those two officers there and reported at the Twenty-third precinct that it was a sleigh with two horses which contained the parties implicated in the murder; I left there to go to my own house in 117th street on the back platform of a Third avenue car; I looked towards the Fourth avenue while I was on the car at Ninety-fifth street, and I saw Friery, McDonald and Clark crossing over towards the Third avenue on foot; I got off the car and saw them go into a porter house, known as the "Six-mile House," corner of Third avenue and 96th street; I told the conductor on the car going up to Harlem, if he saw any policemen on the road to send them down to me; Friery, McDonald and Clark came out after being in the place a short time; I stood at Ninety-eighth street; there was a car going towards Harlem, and the three got on; they stood on the rear platform of the car; when the car got to Ninety-eighth street I got on the front platform; I saw another officer coming down on another car towards me; it was Officer Porcher; I beckoned to him to get off the car and get on the platform with me; we went up to 117th street, where the three parties got off; I got off at 118th street; they went into a lager beer saloon between 117th and 118th streets; I saw one of the Twelfth precinct men standing at 120th street; I ordered Officer Porcher to call his assistance; I told him the facts of the case, and the three of us entered the lager beer saloon; I was in citizen's dress, and went in ahead; as I entered the bar room Friery recognized me and asked me what I was doing up here; I told him I had a little business up this way; he asked me to come up to the bar and have a drink; we went towards the bar and shook hands; I asked him if he was not down in Houston street this morning; he said, "Never mind, let us have a drink first;" the other officers followed me in; I asked Friery if it was not him that was implicated in the killing of Lazarus; he asked me if he was dead; I said I heard so; he said, "Yes, I'll dance at his wake," or something similar to that; I ordered the other officers to take a man each and I took Friery; we took them to the Twelfth precinct station house; it was then telegraphed that they were arrested.

James Clark, one of the parties arrested with Friery, testified to seeing the latter stab deceased in the neck.

John Riley, of 105 West Twenty-seventh street, testified to being in Lazarus' place and seeing the prisoner and others there; Friery was heard to say that he would "cut the stuffing out of some one in Lazarus' place;" at the time of the murder, the witness was looking through a broken pane of glass in the front window, and saw the fatal blow given by the prisoner.

Thomas Robinson, M. D., being duly sworn, deposes and says: I have made a *post mortem* examination of the body of deceased; the examination was made on Tuesday, January 3, 1865, seven hours after death; the body was a splendid specimen of muscular development and physical beauty; the skin was as fine and white as a woman's; the face and neck were covered with blood; I found an incised wound behind the angle of the lower jaw, and just under the left ear; the wound was about an inch and a half in length externally, and the direction of it was from the point of the left ear downward and backwards towards the scapula; on incising the tissues of the neck, I found the wound penetrated directly inwards to the depth of about three inches; the wound penetrated into the pharynx; the knife severed the external carotid and internal maxilary arteries; I also found the cicotrax of an old gun-shot wound situated on the upper chest, left side; on opening into the cavity of the thorax, I discovered a foreign substance firmly adherent to the superior surface of the left pulmonary artery; on dissecting it out, I discovered it to be the fragment of a leaden ball, firmly adherent to a small piece of bone, probably a small portion of one of the ribs which had been driven in near it; they were both enclosed in a very strong cyst, and firmly attached to the pulmonary artery; the organs of the body were generally healthy; in my opinion death was the result of hemorrhage, consequent upon the severing of the external carotid and interior maxilary arteries.

The case was then submitted to the jury, who rendered a verdict as follows: "That Harry Lazarus, the deceased, came to his death by a stab wound of the neck, inflicted by Bernard Friery on the morning of January 3, 1865."

The prisoner was then committed to the Tombs to await his trial for murder. Coroner Collin required the most important witnesses to give bail for their future appearance, but in default thereof they were committed to the House of Detention. Friery is twenty-one years of age, and a native of this city.

On the 6th inst., Frierey had an examination before the Grand Jury, who found him guilty of murder in the first degree, and his case was set for trial on Monday the 16th inst. John Sedgwick has been engaged to defend the prisoner.

The individual alluded to, in the evidence taken before the Coroner's Jury, as "California Jack"—whose right name is John Gillen, but who is better known as "Squealing Jack," from his peculiar, squeaking voice—was arrested on the 6th inst., at the Metropolitan Hotel, by Detectives Slowey and Tiemann, and committed for examination on the 7th, but Coroner Wildey, on the same evening, released him on his own recognizance, and he gave bail. It is understood that he is to be made a witness against Bernard Friery, and that his testimony may show the murder to have been premeditated. Friery takes his imprisonment quite coolly at the Tombs, conversing little with anybody, and keeping his face as much as possible out of sight; but he evidently believes, as do his friends, that his counsel will be able to clear him.

Our hastily prepared sketch of the lamented deceased, in our last, caused us to omit mentioning the fact that, on the breaking out of the rebellion, Harry Lazarus was among the first to volunteer to fight for his adopted country, and, by his dash and bravery on the field of battle, was promoted from the ranks to a captaincy, and, on his time expiring, he was honorably discharged the service.

The residence of Mr. Izzy Lazarus has had a gloom cast over it which it will take a long time to efface. Ever since the melancholy occurrence, it has been a house of mourning. Particularly was this the case on the day of the funeral, and the effect was doubly solemn and impressive, as the friends of the unfortunate man and the curious public entered the house, and took their last look at all that was mortal of poor Harry. The room was darkened, and as, one by one, the people passed around the coffin, all was hushed as death itself, and on every countenance was depicted grief and sorrow, while the eyes of many became filled with unbidden tears. In his earthly tenement, he looked as if it were but a sleep—there was no contortion of the face, and a handsomer corpse couldn't be well imagined; his features were as white as alabaster, and, attired as he was, in a white silk vest, snowy white shirt and black neck-tie, he looked extremely pretty, and we could hardly realize that he was sleeping his last sleep—the sleep that knows no waking—the sleep of death!

From an early hour on the morning of the 5th inst., Centre street, from Howard to Grand, was thronged by an immense number of people, and it is computed that not less than 5,000 of our citizens were admitted at No. 223 Centre street, where the body lay in a beautiful rosewood coffin; from half-past ten o'clock, A. M., until nearly 3 o'clock, P. M., an uninterrupted stream was continually going in and out of the room. Indeed, from early on Tuesday morning, all day Wednesday, and the day of the funeral friends of Harry's and friends of the family paid their mournful respects to the dead in great numbers. It was a sad, sad sight to see the venerable, grief-stricken father, and his remaining sons, as they clustered around the coffin, their voices too full for utterance, but their looks more eloquent than any tongue could be.

At about three o'clock the coffin was removed from the house to the hearse, and the funeral cortege moved slowly from the spot on their way to Greenwood Cemetery. Independent of the carriages with the immediate relatives of the deceased, there were between forty and fifty other vehicles containing many of those who knew how to appreciate a *man*, in every sense of the word, a noble-hearted, generous, good natured soul, whom none but the most brutalized could fail to admire and appreciate. Among the number who escorted the remains of the unfortunate man to their last resting place, were Messrs. Wm. Hastings, Joseph Coburn, T. C. Burns, T. O'Donnell, Ex-Coroner O'Keefe, W. M. Davis, of California, Capt. Saunders, S. S. Davis, Alderman Jackson, Captain Gordon, Mr. Solomons & Sons, Robert Smith, A. Spencer, S. D. Kehoe, J. Hackett, of Rochester, T. Dermody, E. James, James Colbert, Charles Greep, Wm. Tovee, John Dwyer, D. Kerrigan, J. Monaghan, M. Trainer, D. Kirwan, J. Turner, Wm. Donnelly, Wm. Higgins, R. Hollywood, H. Jenkins, J. Burns, P. C. Murphy, M. Murphy, John Edwards, and about a hundred others. All through Grand street and the Bowery the sidewalks were lined with people, who had been waiting some time to see the mournful procession pass. From the Bowery the route was through Catherine street to the Ferry, which was crossed to Brooklyn, and from there through Fulton street to Clinton, and so on to Greenwood Cemetery, where the mortal remains of Harry Lazarus were lowered into the earth amid the lamentations of his wife, parents, sister and brothers. It was a heart-rending sight, and brought the tears to many an eye unused to weeping to see the anguish and sorrow of those who had been so near and dear to him. The grave contained the body of an infant child who had been buried but a few months previous, and whose coffin looked as if it had but just been laid there, making the widow's agony more poignant as she beheld her husband and child lying in the cold, cold ground, never more to cheer and comfort her through life—gone for ever. It seems but yesterday that, at Hyer's funeral, Harry Lazarus pointed out to us the grave where his little boy lay buried, and to think that we should so soon revisit the spot, following the lifeless corpse of poor Harry himself is painful in the extreme. Cut off, as he was, in the very prime of life, it is the more solemn to contemplate, and should make us all bethink ourselves so as to be prepared for the unknown world, where all is mystery, for man knoweth not what a day may bring forth—

> To-day he puts forth the tender leaves of hope, to-morrow blossoms,
> And bears his blushing honors thick upon him:
> The third day comes a frost, a killing frost;
> And nips his root, and then he falls.

Never more shall we [illegible] hear his merry, infectious laugh, or grasp him by the hand [illegible] manliness [illegible] as one whose life was the perfection of honor, no[illegible] and integrity—he is gone to that bourne which knows no returning. Peace to his ashes!

MACE'S "PROJECTED" TRIP ACROSS THE ATLANTIC TO FIGHT (?) COBURN.

WHAT COBURN HAS TO SAY ABOUT THE MATTER.

SEEING a statement in a certain English paper that Mace had left £25 to be sent here to make a match with him for £2,000, receiving £300 for expenses, Coburn writes the following brief and terse little note, in which we coincide with the writer:—

113 GRAND STREET, Jan. 9th, 1865.

FRIEND QUEEN:—In case Mace does send the £25 he threatens to for a match with me, which I consider a picayune deposit for the amount to be fought for, (it will be remembered I sent £50 to England when the match was only made for half the amount) in consideration of my giving him £300 for expenses—£200 more than I got—I claim the right to name the place of fighting in Canada, and wish Mace to understand that I shall insist upon it.

Respectfully, JOSEPH COBURN.

AN EPISTLE FROM PETER.—The conqueror of Jim Sennett thus discourseth in plain black and white (ink and paper) about how he's been humbugged lately, adding that he wont stand it any longer, to which we may add that he is very foolish if he does.

PHILADELPHIA, [illegible]

FRANK QUEEN—*Sir:* I want to inform my friends and the public that any more matches made for me, without I am present, will be at their own risk, as I have been humbugged altogether too much lately. About a month ago a match was made in Philadelphia, while I was in New York, to fight the next morning for $100 a side. I was telegraphed for, and when I got there, the money had been drawn ten minutes before by Con Fitzgerald and Harry Monaghan, and I was very much disappointed, as might naturally be supposed. On New Year's day I was matched with an oysterman named Tobin for $100 a side, to fight on Monday, the 9th. They told me I had to fight in a room—the two of us by ourselves—with the door locked on the inside, and the man who squealed first to be put out by the other and take the money. I told my friends that I was perfectly satisfied to fight Tobin any way, and there were $20 a side posted, but the other side backed out of it. Now as there is so much talking about fighting, any man who thinks he can lick me, or wants to fight for fun, let him come to me sober and friendly, tell me that he wants to fight, and I'm the boy to accommodate him mighty quick and at short notice. I keep a saloon at No. 1402 Master street, on the corner of American, and always stay at home to accommodate. I will also give an exhibition at Franklin Hall on the 13th of Jan., and I expect Bill Davis will wind up with me. No more at present from

Yours, PETER MARTIN.

*STILL LIVES.—It will be gratifying to the friends of Curly Thompson to read the subjoined from his pen, bearing date New York, Jan. 7, as it speaks for itself:

EDITOR NEW YORK CLIPPER: SIR: In looking over your paper of the 7th inst., I was much surprised to find a notice to the effect that I had been arrested as a deserter, and sentenced to be shot for the same.

In reply to the above, I would most respectfully request to contradict the statement through the columns of your journal, on the simple and plain grounds that I have never joined or enlisted in the armies or navy of the United States. I noticed a statement to the same effect, published in a scurrilous sheet, which I considered beneath my notice, and did not think it worth my while to contradict through that paper. Hoping you will give the above an insertion, you will confer a favor, and do justice to the innocent.

Very respectfully
WILLIAM THOMPSON.

THE DAVIS AND DUNN MATCH.—So far, everything has gone *en regle* in this promising match, the Californian having made good another $130 alongside of the Brooklynite's $130, at George Breslin's, 19 Atlantic street, Brooklyn, on the 4th inst., while, to remedy an error which occurred in drawing up the articles of agreement, they mutually consented to post $200 a side at the next deposit. Johnny Dwyer, Albany Shades, Houston street, has been agreed upon as final stakeholder. The next instalment should be forthcoming at Paddy Keenan's, corner of Baltic and Columbia streets, Brooklyn, on Wednesday, the 11th inst. As there is plenty of time between now and the day of fighting, but little positive can be said of the intentions of either man, but it is thought that Davis will do his training near the Quaker city. Dunn will no doubt keep his movements *sub rosa*.

THE DUNN AND DWYER AFFAIR.—Messrs. Keating and Kelly, who represented the above named parties in making their deposits, will please call upon us on Wednesday morning, Jan. 11th, at 11 o'clock, and decide about the money placed in our hands. It was an express understanding that if trouble should arise, those two gentlemen would settle it between them.

JIM DUNN GOING TO PHILADELPHIA.—Phil Clare's promising young nephew, Jim Dunn, at present matched to fight Bill Davis, of California, will pay a visit to the City of Squares next week, and give a boxing entertainment there. The people in that locality only want due notice to fill any hall Dunn may be able to hire.

THE TURNER BENEFIT.—Owing to the Lazarus funeral, the Stuyvesant didn't fill up very quick Thursday night, the 5th inst., as a gloom was cast over the spirits of those who patronize boxing shows. Turner may rest assured that otherwise he would have had all the hall could hold. Uncle Tovee was around (we should like to know when he isn't), and paired off the sparrers as follows: Dick Dorressey (French for Dorsey probably) vs. Sam Rivers, Young Scotty vs. Youthful Careless Boy, Grady vs. Carman, Sullivan vs. McMullin, Jim Coburn vs. a Britisher, and for the wind up, Jack Turner and Jim Kerrigan. By way of variety, Hill used Kehoe's clubs.

PUGILISTIC MANIFESTO FROM HUGH KEAREN.—The party just named, now a resident of Salem, Mass., has got his back up at Dick Marley and Johnny Devine, both of whom, he thinks, he can thrash and flay in double quick time. Says Kearen:

SIR: Hearing some talk from John Devine about fighting me for money, fun, or satisfaction, I write to say that I will accommodate him either way, and he has only to meet me at Patsy Lawrence's, No. 3 Washington street, Salem, to get a belly-ful. If Dick Marley feels very bad about the punch he gave Devine in the snoot, and would like to fight me, I shall be delighted to fight him also, for fun or a thousand; but if these two do not come to terms, by persisting in their blowing they will have to keep a sharp look out, for I'm bound to get square with both of them.

Salem, Jan. 5th, 1865. HUGH KEAREN.

THE DOG PIT IN CLEVELAND.—A slashing dog fight took place in Jim Brown's pit, Cleveland, O., on the 4th of January, between J. Neill's dog, Starr, from Buffalo, and Hamilton Kithcart's dog, Cadger, of Cleveland, at 29 lbs., in which Cadger had the best of the fight for forty minutes, and after five scratches being made, each dog coming gamely to time, the owner of Cadger seeing his life in danger, gave up the contest, and the Buffalo dog won the battle after fighting sixty-four minutes.

DOGS MATCHED.—Jim Brown, of Cleveland, has matched his dog, Chance, against Bob Fitzgerald's dog, Terry, from Rochester, at twenty-two lbs., for two hundred dollars, to come off in Brown's pit on the 7th day of February. A lively fight is expected.

HARRY LAZARUS.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,
BY THE AUTHOR OF "SUSIE KNIGHT."

Lay him to rest; lay him to rest;
Shovel the cold earth over his breast;
Dead, in the young prime of manhood—dead;
Lay him to rest in the common bed
That sometime or other must pillow each head.

Killed by the base assassin's knife—
Not in a fair and a manly strife,
But killed as by the basilisk asp
For which he fain would reach to grasp.

Why do we weep? He's reached the goal;
Never a knife can stab the soul;
He's gone to the land of eternal morn,
Where One amongst the lillies was born.

We're a rough, hard set; but over all,
Sorrow, a shadow sombre and tall,
Covers our hearts with his terrible pall.
We loved the friend who lieth low
Beneath the January snow,
And tho' we may not see his face
Again in the old familiar place,
Yet a wonderful, mystical, beautiful wraith
With the head of Doubt, but the eyes of Faith,
Still points us to the unknown land
Whose secrets none can understand.

Lay him to rest; lay him to rest;
Shovel the cold earth over his breast.
Utter a prayer, if never before,
To guide his soul to the peaceful shore;
Utter a prayer and leave him to God;
Dropping an honest tear over his sod.

THE TURF.

REVIEW OF THE RACING SEASON.

THE CENTREVILLE AND SARATOGA MEETINGS.

The "first Spring meeting of the New York Jockey Club," as it was somewhat ostentatiously called, commenced on the Centreville Course L. I., Tuesday, June 28th, 1864. This meeting, although announced as associated with, and under the auspices of the New York Jockey Club, was in reality under the sole control and direction of Captain T. W. Moore, the owner of Idlewild and other well-known racers. The weather was highly favorable, but the fields of horses that started for the different stakes were very small, and the attendance of spectators so miserable that the meeting, in consequence of the want of patronage, was brought to an abrupt termination on the second day. It is no less true than strange that a fatality seems to attend all attempts to revive racing on Long Island. Although within a very short distance of the Empire City, with its tens of thousands of sport-loving inhabitants, and quick, easy access, every essay to hold a race meeting has proved unsuccessful. The Fashion, the Union, and the Centreville Courses have each in turn been the scene of experiment, but the same fate attended them all. It is useless to deny that the mismanagement, to term it by no harsher name, which has characterized the previous efforts to establish race meetings on Long Island, has completely destroyed all public confidence, and it will take a long period of time and a persevering, honorable, straightforward course of management to again restore it.

The first race was a dash of three miles, and was won by the once famous Southern racer, Panic, (who was confiscated along with Ben West and other thoroughbreds, by Gen. Butler, in New Orleans) beating Eagle, who had run third to Norfolk for the Jersey Derby two weeks before, in 5:37¾. The victory, however, was dearly purchased, as the winner broke down badly after passing the judge's stand, and his reappearance on the turf is very doubtful. The second race was at mile heats, and for it three horses, Reporter, Ben Bruce and Charlotte F. started. Any odds were betted on the former, and he won as he liked in two straight heats in 1:48—1:48¼. Charlotte F. was distanced in the first heat. The last race of the first day was a mile and a quarter handicap race, which was won by Seven Oaks, carrying 112 lbs, beating the favorite, Mr. Morris' b. f. by Eclipse, (second) 90 lbs, and Dr. Weldon's Revenue f.; time 2:18¼. The second day of the meeting commenced with a mile heat race for three year olds, which was won by Mr. Morris' Eclipse, filly, beating Lurline and Captain Moore's Lexington, colt, 1:49—1:48. The next and final race was a two mile dash, and was contested by Reporter and Idlewild. The famous old mare was made the favorite, her glorious performances on the turf in days past inducing her enthusiastic backers to think her invincible. It became evident during the race, however, that the fleetness which had once made her so formidable an antagonist on the turf had deserted her, for Reporter galloped her fairly to a stand still, and beat her home by six lengths in 3:40¾; the winner was subsequently sold into Canada. This meeting was brought to an abrupt termination in consequence of the want of patronage on the part of the public, Captain Moore not feeling inclined to make any personal pecuniary sacrifice to carry out his own announced programme.

The summer meeting at Saratoga, well and justly termed the Ascot of the American turf, commenced on Tuesday, August the 2d. Here abundance of sport, rich purses, horses the fleetest and best of American thorough-breds, and the overflowing patronage of the fashion, wealth and loveliness of the land, all combined to render this meeting the most brilliant and enjoyable of all. Under the direct patronage and management of an association of gentlemen of high social position, influence and wealth, staunch supporters of the sports of the turf, the Saratoga meeting occupies a lofty position among the racing gatherings of America, notwithstanding the past was their first season. The association are also particularly fortunate in having for their matters pertaining to the [illegible], industry and experience in racing men and owners of horses, and judicious [illegible] among the brilliant success of the last meeting may, in a great measure, be attributed. The sport was abundant in quantity, and unequalled in quality, while the introduction of a new feature in American racing, viz., a hurdle race proved an unexpected, but unqualified success.

The first race was for the Travers' Stakes (so named after the President of the Saratoga Racing Association), for three year olds; single dash of a mile and three quarters. Five started, viz.—Kentucky, Tipperary, Patti, Eclipse, gr. c., and Ringmaster. Tipperary, from his running a good second to Norfolk at Paterson, and Asteroid at St. Louis, was backed against the field, as his most dangerous opponent, Kentucky, was reported suffering from rheumatic lameness. The latter was ridden by Gilpatrick, and although somewhat lame at first, it disappeared when he got warmed up in the race, and he won easily in 3.18¾; Tipperary occupying his old position of second, and the Eclipse colt third. In the succeeding race of two mile heats, these old opponents, Aldebaran and Fleetwing, fought their battle over again. Long odds were bet on Fleetwing repeating his Paterson victory, and the backers of the son of Commodore and Nannie Lewis were not slow in taking them. After two magnificently run heats, Aldebaran, admirably ridden by Burgoyne, won the race in 3.54½, 3.46¾. The second day opened with a mile and a half dash, with five starters, viz., Captain Moore, Kate Duncan, Verbena, Seven Oaks, and Eclipse f. Captain Moore, who was the favorite, won easily in 3.15. The Saratoga Stakes, for two year olds, was contested for by Mr. J. Hunter's Saratoga (previously called Laclede), Mr. Watson's Lexington colt, out of Pasta, and Bowie and Hall's, Baltimore. Saratoga won easily in 2.08¼. A two mile dash finished the day's sport, Mr. Watson's Captain Moore, pulled out a second time, beating Reporter by a neck only in 4.22. A three year old Sweepstakes, dash of two miles, commenced the third day's sport. The starters were Kentucky, (carrying 5 lbs. extra for winning the Travers Stake), Tipperary, Orion and Eclipse c. Kentucky recovered from his lameness, and, setting his penalty at nought, won as he liked in 4.11¾; Tipperary again gaining the barren honor of second place. Aldebaran and Fleetwing again met in the three mile heat race for the Congress Purse, and the former once more asserted his superiority; winning the first and third heats; time 6.26½, 6.42½, 6.26¾.

The fourth day opened with that novelty on the American turf, a hurdle race. This was the first race of the kind in the north since Mr. Browning was killed on the Beacon Course, near Jersey City, and which melancholy accident led the New Jersey Legislature to prohibit hurdle racing in that state. There were five entries, most of them being from Canada—Charley Riley, Zigzag, Garibaldi, Wild Irishman, Rescue, and Garryowen, but Garibaldi having fallen and placed his rider *hors de combat* that same morning, while at exercise, was withdrawn. Zigzag was the favorite, and the race produced a scene of the most exciting enthusiasm, especially among the fair spectators, who manifested the highest gratification at the spectacle. The favorite made the running throughout the two miles, and was apparently winning in a canter, when he came down a cropper at the last hurdle within a hundred yards of the winning stand, and Charley Riley, following in his wake, fell over him. Garryowen, who was ridden by Capt. Lane Fox, a very clever steeple chase jockey, took advantage of the *contretemps*, and passing the two fallen horses, won the race "out of the fire" in 4:46; Charley Riley, whose rider quickly remounted, coming in second, and Rescue third. A mile and a quarter dash selling race was won by Mr. Watson's Patti, beating Verbena and Seven Oaks in 2:32¼, and she was immediately bought by Denis Reedy, of Montreal, for $600.

A three mile handicap race was walked over by Mr. Watson's son of Balrownie, Captain Moore, and a mile and a quarter dash for beaten horses brought Verbena and Kate Duncan together. One hundred to five was freely offered while running, on the latter, but a superb display of jockeyship and patient riding on the part of Gilpatrick, snatched the race out of the fire, and Verbena won by a neck in 2:29. A handicap race for three year olds beaten at Saratoga or Paterson, mile heats, appropriately wound up the meeting. In this race Tipperary scored his first victory, beating Orion, Patti and the Eclipse filly in two straight heats in 1:59—2:02. A more brilliant meeting alike in the quality of the racing and the numerous and fashionable attendance was never witnessed on the American turf. Next week we shall give a retrospect of the Fall Meetings at Paterson and Hoboken.

VICTOR HUGO ON SHAKESPEARE.—The author of *Les Miserables* has had his say about the author of "Macbeth." Victor Hugo's work on Shakspeare, lately published in Paris, contains some strange, incredible passages, of which the following is a sample: "There are men, oceans in reality. These waves, this ebb and flow, this terrible go and come, this noise of every gust, these lights and shadows, these vegetations belonging to the gulf, this democracy of clouds in full hurricane, these eagles in the foam, these wonderful gatherings of stars reflected in one knows not what mysterious crowd by millions of luminous specks, heads confused with the innumerable, those grand errant lightnings which seem to watch, these huge sobs, these monsters glimpsed at, this roaring, disturbing, these nights of darkness, these furies, these frenzies, these tempests, these rocks, these shipwrecks, these fleets crushing each other, these human thunders mixed with Divine thunders, this blood in the abyss; then these graces, these sweetnesses, these *fetes*, these gay white veils, these fishing boats, these songs in the uproar, these splendid ports, this smoke of the earth, these towns in the horizon, this deep blue of water and sky, this useful sharpness, this bitterness which renders the universe wholesome, this rough salt without which all would putrify; these augurs and assuagings, this whole in one, this unexpected in the immutable, this vast marvel of monotony inexhaustibly varied, this level after that earthquake, these hells and these paradises of immensity eternally agitated, this infinite, this unfathomable, all this can exist in one spirit, and then this spirit is called genius; and you have Æschylus, you have Isaiah, you have Juvenal, you have Dante, Michael Angelo, you have Shakspeare, and looking at these minds is the same thing as to look at the ocean."

BALL PLAY.

THE COMMITTEES OF THE N. A. B. B. P.

The following comprise the several Committees appointed by President Voorhies to act during the ensuing year:—

Committee on Rules: Messrs. J. B. Jones, P. O'Brien, W. A Brown, W. H. Murtha, H. Chadwick, J. Wildey, C. H. Thorne, E. E. Thomas and W. Brower, respectively of the Excelsior, Atlantic, Eckford, Enterprise and Star Clubs of Brooklyn; Mutual and New York, of New York; and Eureka and Newark, of Newark.

Committee on Nominations: R. H. Thorne, D. Milliken and D. W. C. Moore, of the Gotham, Union and Athletic Clubs.

Committee on Printing: J. W. Davies, P. J. Cozans and H. Chadwick, of the Knickerbocker, Eagle and Star Clubs.

Committee on Judiciary Matters: T. Miller, of the Empire, chairman; and Messrs. P. O'Brien, W. H. Bell, J. McMeekim and W. Cauldwell, respectively of the Atlantic, Eclectic, Knickerbocker (of Albany) and Union Clubs.

Any communications to the above Committees will be forwarded direct if sent to the care of P. J. Cozans, 122 Nassau st., New York.

OUR GAME BAG.

DANGEROUS EYES.

"Blue eyes melt; dark eyes burn."—*Cornish Saying.*

The eyes that melt! The eyes that burn!
The eyes that make a lover yearn!
These flashed on my bewildered sight
Like meteors of the northern night.

Then said I, in my wild amaze,
"What stars be they that meet my gaze?
Where shall my shivering rudder turn?
To eyes that melt or eyes that burn?"

Ah! safer far the darkling sea,
Than where such perilous signals be—
To rock and storm, and whirlwind turn,
From eyes that melt and eyes that burn.

SHAKESPEARE ON PETROLEUM

A *well* disposed person on his first introduction:—
"I am glad to see thee *well*."—Hamlet.
The discoverer explains:—
"I have a device to make *oil well*."—Midsummer Night's Dream.
A disappointed purchaser:—
"This is not as *well* as I looked for."—Love's Labor Lost.
Selling Stocks:—
"Not so bad but *well* may be reported."—Henry VIII.
An owner of an unprofitable well:—
"I am not so *well* as I should be."—Cymbeline.
"*Well*, or ill, I am bound to thee."—Cymbeline.
"One that loves not wisely, but two *wells*."—Othello.
Leaving the business:—
"*Well*, peace be with you."—Romeo and Juliet.
"I know thee *well* enough."—King Lear.
A lady speculator:—
"She's a wondrous fat marriage."—Comedy of Errors.
"*I'll* do, *I'll* do, *I'll* do."—Macbeth.
A lucky speculator:—
"*Well*, contented."—Macbeth.
"Sweep on, you fat and greasy citizens,
'Tis just the fashion."—As You Like It.
"I say by sorcery he got this *isle*."—Tempest.
"This *isle* is full of noises."—Tempest.
"I like thee *well*,
And will employ thee in some service presently."
—Two Gentlemen of Verona.
"For a charm of powerful trouble
Like a bell-broth, boil and bubble."—Macbeth.

TOO MODEST BY HALF.—An exceedingly modest young lady, desiring a leg of chicken at the table, said, "I'll take the part that ought to be dressed in drawers." A nice young gentleman who sat opposite, immediately said, "I'll take the part which ought to wear the bustle!"

COLT'S arms are useful when you want to fight, but if you want to run away, colt's legs are better.

THE PLAYER AT THE TABLE.—It is related of McKean Buchanan, the eminent tragedian, that, whenever he sits down to table while travelling, and is asked by the waiter what he will be served with, he says, in a deeply melo-dramatic voice, "Ahem! let me reflect—I play *Richard* to-night—give me *roast beef!*" The next day, perhaps, when again asked what he will have, the "eminent," a second time pauses to consider: "Ahem! what's on the boards to-night?—ah! I remember—*Romeo*—'tis well; give me *waffles!*" Some great actors content themselves with *dressing* to a part—Buchanan goes still further, and *eats* to it.

AN EYE TO BUSINESS.—The following epitaph may be seen in the cemetery of a parish in the environs of Paris: "Here lies Madame N., wife of M. N., master blacksmith. The railing round this tomb was manufactured by her husband."

THE LAWYER "NONPLUSSED."—A lawyer, somewhat disgusted at seeing a couple of Irishmen looking at a six-sided building which he occupied, lifted up the window, put his head out, and addressed them thus: "What do you stand there for, like a pair of blockheads, gazing at my office? Do you take it for a church?" "Faix," answered one of them, "I was thinkin' so, till the devil poked his head out the windy."

WEARING HIS WIFE ON HIS FINGERS.—In Paris they tell of a Russian there who wears the remains of his wife in a ring on his finger. After she died, he had her body reduced by dissolvents, compressed into a hard paste, like jet, and set as a souvenir. And so the poor woman, in the form of an essence, is doomed forever to remain above ground.

A VALUABLE FURLOUGH.—A Maine officer recently applied for a furlough, stating that if it was not granted he should lose fifty [illegible]. This attracted attention at head quarters, and [illegible] lose it. He did so to the effect that he [illegible] without leave of absence for two years; that he was engaged to a young lady worth fifty thousand dollars; that there was another fellow after her, and that she had written to him that if he did not come home and marry her right away she would have the other man. He got his furlough.

A HEALTHY BEAT.—Mr. Reynolds, the dramatist, once met a free and easy actor, who told him that he had passed three festive days at the seat of the Marquis and Marchioness of ——— without an invitation. He had gone there on the assumption that, as my lord and lady were not on speaking terms, each would suppose that the other had asked him, and so it turned out.

PAYING OF A NOVEL WAGER.—An amusing scene occurred Jan. 2, in the neighborhood of Sixth and Market streets, Philadelphia. It seems that two gentlemen made a wager on the election, the loser to ride the winner in a hand-car over several squares of the most populated streets of the city. Accordingly the party, attended by several friends, met the other day to fulfil the bet. All along the streets in which they passed they were followed by a crowd of men and boys, and the excitement was not lessened when, at Fifth and Market streets, one of the wheels came off, and precipitated the occupant of the wagon into the mud. As usual, those who witnessed the misfortune enjoyed a hearty laugh.

TRAVELLING ON THE ERIE CANAL.—"Hallo, there, capting," said a brother Jonathan to a captain of a canal packet on the Erie Canal, "what do you charge for a passage?"

"Three cents per mile and boarded," said the captain.

"Wall, I guess I'll take passage, capting, seeing as how I'm kinder gin out walking so far."

Accordingly he got on board as the steward was ringing the bel for dinner. Jonathan sat down and began demolishing the "fixins" to the utter consternation of the captain, until he had cleared the table of all that was eatable, when he got up and went on deck, picking his teeth very comfortably.

"How far is it, capting, from here to where I got on board?"

"Nearly one and a half miles," said the captain.

"Let's see," said Jonathan, "that would be just four a hal cents; but never mind, capting, I won't be small; here's five cents, which pays my fare to here; I guess I'll go ashore; I'm kinder rested eout."

YOUNG AMERICA.—A few days ago, a smart little fellow of about seven summers, went up to a fruit stand, and, rising on tip-toe, peered over at the fruit, remarking, as he extended a dime, "I think I will buy a few apples for the children."

HUMAN FEET.—The French foot is meagre, narrow and bony; the Spanish is small and elegantly curved—thanks to its Moorish blood, corresponding with the Castilian pride—"high in the instep." The Arab foot is proverbial for its high arch; "a stream can run under the hollow of it." The foot of the Scotch is large and thick; that of the Irish, flat and square; the English, short and fleshy. The American foot is apt to be disproportionately small. A foot, for both beauty and speed, should be arched, fairly rounded, and its length proportioned to the height of the person. The ankle—especially of women—should be round and firm, and not too small.

A KIND-HEARTED WIFE once waited on a physician to request him to prescribe for her husband's eyes, which were sore. "Let him wash them every morning with brandy," said the doctor. A few weeks after the doctor chanced to meet the wife. "Well, has your husband followed my advice?" "He has done everything in his power to do it, doctor; but he never could get the brandy higher than his mouth."

THE GREEN EYED MONSTER.—A jealous husband being absent from home, went to a clairvoyant in London to know what his wife was doing. "Ah!" said the clairvoyant, "I see her; she expects some one; the door opens; he comes; she caresses him fondly; he lays his head in her lap, and—the husband mad with rage—he wags his tail! It was the dog! The husband was calmed."

MY KINGDOM FOR A HORSE.—An honest grazier who had seen Richard performed in Cincinnati, waited upon the manager next morning to say that if the gentleman who wanted a horse on the previous evening held his mind, he had got an abundance of tidy nags in his meadows, and should be happy to have a deal with him.

HOW MANY GIRLS MAKE A BUSHEL?—The "dry measure table" ought to be altered to suit the times. In this era of hoops it is ridiculous to say that four gals make a bushel.

STORY WITH A MORAL.—A young man who was paying special attention to a young lady, met with the following incident during one of his visits:—

Being invited into the parlor to await the lady's appearance, he entertained himself as best he might for some time, and was becoming very weary, when a little girl about five years old slipped in and began to converse with him.

"I can always tell," said she, "when you are coming to our house."

"You can!" he replied, "and how do you tell it?"

"Why, when you are going to be here, sister begins to sing and get good, and she gives me cake, and pie, and anything I want; and she sings so sweetly when you are here, and when I speak to her she smiles so pleasantly, I wish you would stay here all the while, then I would have a good time. But when you go off, sister is not good. She gets mad, and if I ask her for anything, she slaps and bangs me about."

This was a poser to the young man.

"Fools and children tell the truth," quoted he, and taking his hat, he left and returned no more.

MORAL.—Parents wishing their ill-natured daughters married, should keep their small children out of the parlor when strangers are there.

THE UNION AND HER LAWS.

AIR—*The Bonnie Blue Flag.*

WRITTEN EXPRESSLY FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,
BY J. P. McKERNAN,
Co. A., 40th N. Y. V. V.

We are a band of brothers,
And we'll hoist on high
Our glorious flag, our nation's brag,
To conquer or to die.
We've left our homes and kindred dear,
Our mothers and our wives,
And if our country needs it
We'll dearly sell our lives.

CHORUS.

Hurrah! hurrah! for the Union and her laws,
Three cheers for the stars and stripes,
The emblem of our cause.

They've tried to break our Union up,
They've tried it hard and long,
But we'll let them know that we will go
For the Union right or wrong.
We've left all that we love on earth,
To join the glorious cause,
And we'll teach those southern traitors
To respect our nation's laws.

We'll soon with Heaven's help
Our noble Union save,
And we'll hoist the glorious stripes and stars
Above secession's grave;
And when at last sweet liberty,
And her twin sister, peace,
Shall reign triumphant through the land,
This wicked war must cease.

So now fair maids, before I close,
I'll tell you what to do—
Give heart and hand unto the man
Who is honest, brave and true.
And young men too, a word to you—
If you would win the fair,
Go to the field where honor calls,
Your country needs you there.

ALL'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL;

OR,

The Stratagem of an Actress.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER

BY IRENE VANSANT.

"Morn, noon and night, wherever I may be,
Fondly I'm dreaming, ever of thee."

I stood at the window looking out upon the drear autumn landscape, listening to the sighing of the wind through the branches of the trees, and the rain dashing in blinding gusts into my very face—listening to *anything* that would shut out the sound of the singers, as its deep, mellow cadences chanted my favorite song "Ever of Thee"—looking at anything that would shut out from my eyes the picture that, though my back was turned, was plainly visible—the picture of my lover—my affianced husband bending over—shall I say it? Yes; my rival, bending so low that his dark curls mingled with her midnight braids, while their voices floated out together in a sea of harmony. My rival? Yes; I felt it from the first moment I saw her, with her almost superhuman beauty, and her soft voice calling him Ellsworth, while I, his betrothed wife, had never dared to address him, save as Mr. Arlington. It drove me almost to frenzy to see them apparently so absorbed in each other—so unmindful of me; but what should I do? What should I say? Feign indifference when my heart was in a tumult, or restore him his liberty and bid adieu to all my airy castles—all the bright hopes of happiness which had been the subject of so many day dreams? With my heart throbbing and my brain burning, how could I decide? But now the singers have left the piano, and sought a sofa at the further end of the room; but the spell of music is still upon them, and soon his clear, mellow tones, rise upon the air in—

How can I leave thee,
How can I e'er forget,
Life will but grieve me,
Severed from thee.

Thus much I heard, then calmly, slowly, and apparently indifferently, I left the room; but who can tell the wild whirl of contending emotions that filled my soul. One week before I had been so happy, and now the very air seemed heavy with its burden of misery. And she—my rival—shall I describe her? Imagine a tall, queenly figure, with waves of purplish black hair falling from a small, graceful head; eyes whose depth of midnight darkness you could not fathom; lips like coral sprinkled with dew. Ah! she was too beautiful, while I was not even handsome—could scarcely be called good looking. Is it strange that my lover was won from his allegiance? For hours I lay motionless in my chamber, thinking, yet not thinking, for the aching of my heart and brain forbade all thought. Oh! for the hand-writing in one week it But when? From me? Let it go. I can live without it. I raised my head proudly; even in my solitude I would not give way to grief. Anger and resentment were taking the place of sorrow. Carefully removing all traces of my emotion, I descended again to the parlor. I met *him* with a cool indifference which evidently puzzled and annoyed him. After awhile he joined me as I sat in conversation with a gentleman who, knowing the relation we had borne to each other, soon left us together.

"Why do you treat me so coldly, Marie?" said he.

"Search your own conduct for an answer," returned I, in icy tones.

I fancied he looked surprised.

"Will you not explain?" he asked.

"No explanation is needed," I answered. "I am convinced that I never have possessed your heart—your hand I do not want. You are free."

He was silent, standing motionless before me. This silence irritated me.

"Free to wed Miss Raymond, if you choose," I added, and rose to leave the room.

"Marie, did you not know——," but I was beyond hearing, and the next day, without having seen him again, I returned to my city home.

* * * * * * * *

Years had passed, bringing with them much of trial, some triumph, but more of sorrow. They had left me an orphan, poor and friendless. I had obtained employment in a theatre—first, in an humble capacity, but by untiring efforts I soon rose to a higher rank in my profession, and now, at the end of two years' constant study, I was to make my *debut* as a *star* in my native city. I wondered if I should meet him. I had not forgotten him, though my pulse had ceased to quicken at the sound of his name. I had not even heard from him since we parted, but now the desire came to me to win him back, even though he were married to Ophelia Raymond. Why should not I be revenged? Why should she not feel what I had felt in giving him up, when my very heart was bound up in him. Coolly I calculated the probability of success. If he were in the city, he would visit the theatre. It was his favorite amusement. My name was an assumed one—he would not know me until he entered the building. His wife, once the brilliant Miss Raymond, was now, I felt assured, *passe* and faded; perhaps, too, petulant and fault-finding; while the years had added dignity to my form and expression, and I was now considered a handsome woman. He was fickle, too. Yes, it could be done. I would win his heart, expose his faithlessness to his wife, then, when he had served my purpose, spurn him from me. The eventful evening arrived. The theatre was crowded, densely crowded, and among the throng was he whom I had expected to see, and with Ophelia Raymond and another gentleman. But my observations were cut short. In another moment the curtain rose. As I entered, I saw his start of recognition, and the sudden pallor that overspread his face as he clutched the railing of the box for support, and I hailed it as a triumph of my skill. I excelled myself that night in the representation of my part, and at the close of the performance, when the manager announced a visitor, I knew that I had achieved two successes—one in my profession, the other———. The door opened noiselessly, and he whose image had once occupied my heart, entered.

"Marie, have I found you again?"

"By what right do you address me thus familiarly, sir?" I haughtily interrupted.

"By the right of the love I have always borne you?" he replied. "Marie, after all these years of separation, I ask but to say a few words in justification of myself."

He paused.

"What can you say? Even though years have passed, I still believe the evidence of my senses."

"I can say what I would have said then, had you permitted me—that Ophelia Raymond is my sister."

"But your name—it is not Raymond?"

"No; we had two fathers, and but one mother."

"And Miss Raymond———"

"Is the wife of the gentleman who accompanied us this evening."

I laid my head on his shoulder, and wept tears of thankfulness that I had been prevented committing the crime which I had meditated. Beneath the crust of worldliness I had still a woman's heart to love, perchance to suffer, and I thanked God for the discovery.

MATRIMONIAL MEMORANDA.—A pleasant story is told of a rather aged lady, who has recently married a young and fast man, quitting him at the station where he was on voyage for some private affairs. After an embrace of the most loving character, she put her head into the carriage and said: "Ober Charles, remember that you are married." To which he replied: "Ober Caroline, I will make a memorandum of it," and at once tied a knot in his handkerchief.

CHARLEY SAWYER'S LAST SELL.

A Fast Scene on the Plank Road.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER.

CHARLES CARROLL SAWYER, a popular and well-known song writer, is one of the jolliest fellows imaginable, and a practical joker of the first water. The author of "Who Will Care for Mother Now," though he has a heart full of kindly sympathy for the distressed and suffering, is full of jocund humor, and is never so happy as when he can get off a neat thing or two on his friends, in the way of a practical joke, or, as it is called, in slang parlance, a "sell." The beauty of it is, what he attempts in this line is generally done up in such neat style, that half the sting of the affair is taken away, and the "sold" individual, instead of getting mad, as some stupid people do, invariably acknowledges the corn gracefully, and pays the shot at once.

The last "sell" of the renowned Charley Sawyer, though not one of his best, is nevertheless one worthy of being recorded for the benefit of the fraternity of practical jokers, and therefore we proceed to describe it.

During the sleighing carnival in Brooklyn, New Year's week, Charley and a friend went to take a sleigh-ride. Now this friend of his happened to be the owner of one of the fastest teams of horses on the Island, and he had them under such excellent control that he could do what he liked with them. At the same time that they were fast, and good looking at that, they were nevertheless not such a pair as general observers would regard as fast, and consequently their owner possessed an advantage in taking in his friends as regards their qualities for speed, which helped him considerably in getting off a sell on any one. Charley noted this peculiarity at once, and laid his plans for two or three "sweet little sells" during the day on which he took his ride, and it is unnecessary to state that he made his market and sold out all his stock at good prices. But to the joke in question. On his way out of town, Charley called upon two or three friends of his who he knew had fast horses, and persuaded them to come out and exercise their nags a little, which they did, and when Charley and his friend emerged from the city streets they found themselves followed by two or three good teams, and by Charley's advice they were permitted to pass the sleigh he was in.

After a ride of an hour or so, the whole party brought up all standing at "Tunison's," and soon they were all doing justice to the good things provided at that hostelrie on the Coney Island Plank Road. While the party were thus enjoying themselves, up drove a handsome and fast team belonging to a jolly Hibernian, and soon after he joined the party. The talk was, of course, on the respective merits of their teams. Charley, smelling a sell in the air, took the Hibernian outside to take a look at the horses, and at once remarked upon the beauty of his Hibernian friend's turn-out. After a little blarney, Charley told his new-made friend that he would like to see his horse travel. The Irishman was of course willing to accommodate, and soon everything was in readiness for a start. Charley got in with his friend in the double team, and the Hibernian took the reins of his own fast nag. Before starting, Charley laid out a programme for the trial, and it was in this form. Says Charley to "Irish," as he familiarly called him, "As we haven't anything but a good *livery team* to travel with, we'll go ahead a little, and when we have a good start, you come after us, pass us, go ahead, and then stop until we overtake you."

"All right," says the Hibernian, and off they started. Presently up comes Irish at a clipping pace, whereupon Charley's friend, who had kept silent all the time, allowing Charley to run the machine himself, took reins in hand and just whispered a word to his pair, and they at once got ready for work. By this time Irish was nearly neck and neck with the team, in full anticipation of going by them like a streak. But lo! and behold, the pair suddenly felt a touch they knew the meaning of, and away they went at a pace the Hibernian not only found it impossible to beat, but even to equal, and it was not long before he was rapidly being left behind. Before he was out of talking distance, however, Charley wickedly sang out to him, "Go ahead, and then turn round and come back again and meet us." To which the irate Hibernian replied in terms expressive of a desire that his victorious opponents might go to the regions of the damned. This advice they refused to accept, preferring, instead, to hold up at the next hotel, which they did; and in about five minutes afterwards, up comes a Hibernian with the sweating nag, and the first thing he did was to go up to Charley and say, "Sawyer, if you'll keep quiet about this, I'll stand dinner and champagne for the party, for the fact is, I've never before been so d—bly sold as I have to-day, and if the story was to get out I should have to vamose the ranch."

Charley promised to keep mum, but as his friend was not asked to keep the secret, the story leaked out, and as it was a good one, we have given it for the benefit of our island readers.

THE SPORTING DEACON;

OR,

Temptation Triumphant.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER.

BY PLUTO OF CORINTH.

DEACON WYKOFF lives in a very pious neighborhood, up in Westchester county, is a strict member of the Methodist Episcopal Church, and is considered by nearly all who know him, as a most exemplary and a very excellent man. But he is somewhat "given to the flesh," as the exhorters say, rejoices in fast horses, good dogs, game chickens, and keeps a fine gun just to look at, of course.

Not long since, just after the law was off on quail, he brought fourteen fine birds of that kind down to the freight agent on the Harlem Railroad, one Monday morning, to have them sent to the New York city market.

"Are they fresh?" asked the agent. "Are you sure that they are fresh, deacon—were they killed lately?"

"Yes!" said the deacon, quietly; "they're fresh and nice; I killed them myself, yesterday, but you needn't say anything about it. What are they worth a pair?"

"I hardly know what they'll bring!" said the agent; "but I'll risk giving you fifty cents a pair for them here!"

"Very well!" said the deacon.

And he took the "three-fifty," and walked home with it.

Now the deacon had a neighbor who envied him in many things, and who was always ready to do him a bad turn whenever a chance turned up. This neighbor had accidentally overheard the conversation between the deacon and the agent, and in less than two hours afterwards one half of the congregation of the church to which the deacon belonged had heard that the latter had been shooting quails for the New York market on Sunday, and had sold the proceeds of his Sabbath-breaking sport.

Of course this raised a tremendous fuss all around. The minister heard of it, and sent to the deacon to know if it was true. He received answer that it was. It would never do to let such a heinous offence go unpunished. A church meeting was called, and the deacon was cited to attend and defend himself if he could.

He was on hand at the appointed time. The select conclave, pastor, deacons and members, sat with grave and horror-stricken faces, looking at him, as he quietly chewed his home-raised tobacco, and waited for their batteries to open.

"Deacon Wykoff," said the pastor, "You are charged with having broken the holy Sabbath-day, by shooting off of guns and killing of birds, for the lust of gain. What have you to say to the charge?"

"Not much, Brother Munk," said the deacon. "I was tempted, and I did it. But I'll tell you all about it, and then maybe you and the church won't think so awful hard of me. You see I got up early last Sunday, so as to get through with my necessary chores and clean up ready for meeting, for you know I'm always there, and there early. I went out to my barn-yard to milk my cows, when lo! and behold, there a-cating of my buckwheat, which I had stacked in my yard ready for thrashing on Monday, was just the biggest flock of quails, the largest and fattest too, that you ever did see.

"I cried '*Shoo*' to 'em, but they didn't mind it a bit. I thought of the quails that the Lord sent to the children of Israel in the wilderness, and I wondered if they were like these. And I thought if it only wasn't Sunday, what a glorious shot I could make amongst 'em. They looked terrible tempting, brethren, terrible, I must say. I couldn't help wanting to shoot them, and I knew it was a temptation. So I prayed to be delivered from temptation. And after I had prayed, I cried '*Shoo*' again, but them quails wouldn't budge an inch, but kept laying into my buckwheat as if they'd never seen any before.

"And I prayed again to be delivered from temptation; and after I'd prayed, I took up a small stone and threw it at them, and cried 'shoo' for the third time.

"Brethren, them quails wouldn't go. They only huddled all up in a heap, and there they stood and winked their red eyes at me. Brethren, it was too much for me, Christian as I profess to be, to bear. I went in and got my gun, which was loaded, in the house, and let drive among 'em. I killed fourteen of 'em, and if that wasn't a mighty good shot I'd like to know what is.

"And I went and picked them up, brethren, and I said to myself, now that the Lord sent these quails to me and allowed me to be tempted by them, I will set them apart for the good of the Lord's church. And though they were plump and fat as butter, I kept not one of them for my own table, but went on Monday and sold them all for three dollars and a half, which I laid up carefully to put into the contribution box next Sunday, which I shall do if I live."

The deacon sat down. The faces which had looked so solemnly cold upon him, had melted down amazingly. His crime did not seem so heinous after all. There was a brief silence. The pastor was the first to break it.

"Brethren," said he, "inasmuch as our brother, Deacon Wykoff, has confessed his fault, and, moreover, as it appears that he prayed fervently that the temptation might be removed from him, and it was not; and, furthermore, as he has from the first designed by his deed not to benefit himself but to do good to the church, it is my opinion that he be held blameless in this matter! If you are all of the same opinion with me, you will say 'amen,' and we will consider that our brother is still with us the same in the bonds of fellowship, faith and love."

A universal amen came from every lip, and Deacon Wykoff stood, thenceforth, higher in the church than ever before.

SCENE IN THE LIFE OF AN ACTOR.

A Touching Incident.

I WENT one night to see a comedy. The chief actor was a favorite one, and the house was very crowded. The curtain rose, and amidst a burst of applause the hero of the piece made his appearance. He had hardly uttered twenty words, when it struck me that something strange was the matter with him.

The play was a boisterous comedy of the old school, and required considerable spirit and vivacity in the actors to sustain it properly; but in this man there was none; he walked and talked like a person in a dream; his best points he passed over without appearing to perceive them; and altogether he was quite unfit for the part. His smile was ghastly, and his laugh hollow and unnatural; and frequently he would stop off suddenly in his speech, and let his eye wander vacantly over the audience.

Even when, in the character of a silly husband, he had to suffer himself to be kicked about the stage by a young rake of the comedy, and afterwards to behold that careless individual making love to his wife and eating his supper, while he was shut up in a closet from whence he could not emerge, his contortions of ludicrous wrath, which had never before failed to call down plenty of applause, were now such miserable attempts to portray the passions, that hisses were audible in various parts of the theatre. The audience was fairly out of temper, and several inquisitive individuals were particular in their inquiries as to the extent of the potations he had that day indulged in. A storm of sibilation and abuse now fell around the ears of the devoted actor, and not content with verbal insult, orange peel and apples flew upon the stage.

He stopped and turned to the shouting crowd. I never saw such misery in a human countenance. His face was wan and haggard, and tears rolled down his painted cheeks. I saw his lips quivering with mental agony. I saw his bosom heave with convulsions of suppressed emotion, and his whole mien betokened such depth of agony and distress, that the most ruthless heart must have throbbed with pity.

The audience was moved, and by degrees the clamor of invective subsided into a solemn stillness, while he stood near the footlights a picture of dejection. When all was calm, he spoke, and in a voice broken with sobs, which seemed to rend his bosom, he offered his explanation:—

"Ladies and gentlemen," said he, "though in my acting to-night I am confident of meriting your displeasure, in one thing you do me wrong, I am not intoxicated. Emotion alone, and that of the most painful kind, has caused me to fill my allotted part so badly. My wife died but a few short hours ago, and I left her side to fulfil my unavoidable engagement here. If I have not pleased you, I implore you to forgive. I loved her, grieved for her, and if anguish can excuse a fault, I bear my apology—here!"

He placed his hand upon his heart, and a burst of tears relieved his momentary paroxysm of grief.

The audience was thoroughly affected, and an honest burst of sympathy made the walls tremble. Women wept loudly, and strong men silently, and during the remainder of the evening his performance was scarcely comparatively fresh, while Mr. Brown, although he declared himself "all right," looked dead-beat. The mare is a low, lengthy, bright bay galloway, showing plenty of breed. She won several cups for galloways on the turf, but since those palmy days her career has been one of many vicissitudes, for she was purchased by Mr. Bradshaw out of a cab. He ran her for some time in a mail-cart, and then sold her to her present owner for a mere song.

audible through the storm of applause, by which the audible through the storm of applause had feelings. crowd sought to soothe the poor man's wounded feelings.

There was something very melancholy in the thought of that wretched man coming from the bed of death to don gay attire and utter studied witticisms for the amusement of a crowd, not one of whom dreamed of the anguish that festered under his painted cheek and stage smile. And in the great theatre of life, how many are there around us, like that poor actor, smiling gaily at the multitude, while at home lies sorrow, whose shadow is ever present with them in busy places.

A LESSON FOR WELL-DISPOSED WIVES.—"Why is it," asked a lady, "that so many men are anxious to get rid of their wives?" "Because," was the reply, "so few women exert themselves after marriage to make their presence indispensable to the happiness of their husbands!" When husband and wife have become thoroughly accustomed to each other—when all the little battery of charms which both played off so skillfully before the wedding-day has been exhausted—too many seem to think that nothing remains but the planking of the legal [illegible] which [illegible] could tether. The wife seeks to develop in her affection no new attraction for her husband; and the latter, perceiving the *lapsus*, begins to brood over an incongeniality which does not not exist, and to magnify the ills that do exist into insurpassable obstacles in the way of his earthly felicity. This is the true secret: The woman who charmed before marriage can charm afterwards, if she will, though not, of course, by the same means. There are a thousand ways, if she will only study them out, in which she can make home so attractive that her husband will unconsciously dislike to absent himself from it, and so she can readily make herself the particular deity of the domestic paradise. This done, she may quietly laugh at all attempts to alienate her husband's inclinations, and with those inclinations will always go, in such cases, his active judgment.

A GAME BIT OF HORSE-FLESH.—Mr. Stubbs laid Mr. Brown £60 to £50 that he (Brown) did not drive his little bay mare 100 miles in twelve hours. The owner of the mare had to give the layer of the odds five days' notice, and Monday, Dec. 5th, was the day named. The meet was at Brentwood, and Mr. A. Brown and Mr. Stubbs were time-keepers. The watches, after being started, were locked in a box. The start took place at 1. min. 5. sec. past 5 A. M., the mare going away at a good, steady pace, but pulling very hard, which necessitated a trap to be kept just in front of her head. The road by through Colchester—which town was crowded by persons anxious to witness the going of the "tit"—to the fifty-sixth milestone on the Ipswich road, and back to the twelfth milestone on the Romford road. The animal kept on at a steady gait, most ably handled by her driver, but, on the return-journey, great mismanagement was evinced, for she was driven a stretch of twenty-five miles without being pulled up. About nineteen miles from the finish, the poor thing was going very stiffly, and seemed much distressed. At this point, however, Harry Tucker, who was out with old Rattler, most opportunely came along, and, seeing at a glance the state of the mare, called on Mr. Brown to make a halt; this he complied with, and Harry at once went to work, rubbing nearly a pint of brandy into her legs, sponging out her mouth (which was quite dry) and her nostrils, administering about a pint of gruel and sherry, and strapping away until he got her warm and comfortable. The efficacy of this treatment was soon apparent, for the game little thing, on being again started, pricked her ears, and stepped out as fresh as ever. Harry, however, kept alongside, and never left her until she had passed the post a winner by 52 mins. 43 secs., pulling up Brown, although he declared himself "all right," looked dead-beat. The mare is a low, lengthy, bright bay galloway, showing plenty of breed. She won several cups for galloways on the turf, but since those palmy days her career has been one of many vicissitudes, for she was purchased by Mr. Bradshaw out of a cab. He ran her for some time in a mail-cart, and then sold her to her present owner for a mere song.

STAGE COMBATS.—ABSURDITIES.—Chief among the oddities which seem to have become ineradicable upon the modern stage, is the stereotyped mode of fighting combats at the end of tragedies and in the progress of melodrama. Does anybody in his senses really believe that "Richard" and "Richmond," "Macbeth" and "Macduff," "Harry Monmouth" and "Harry Percy," ever fought such ridiculous fights on Bosworth Field, and Dunsinane, and on Shrewsbury Plain? And yet this is always looked upon, nay, impatiently waited for, by a large proportion of the audience, as the cream of the play—the only thing, indeed, worth going to the theatre to see. Dickens, in his *Nicholas Nickleby*, touches off this absurdity with one of his most trenchant lunges of satire. "The two combatants," he says, "went to work and chopped away until the swords emitted a shower of sparks, to the great satisfaction of Mr. Crummles, who appeared to think this a great point indeed. The engagement commenced with about two hundred chops administered by the short sailor and the tall sailor alternately, without producing any particular result, till the short sailor was chopped down upon one knee; but this was nothing to him, for he worked himself about on one knee, with the assistance of his left hand, and fought desperately until the tall sailor chopped his sword out of his grasp. Now, the inference was, that the short sailor, reduced to extremity, would give in at once, and cry quarter; but, instead of that, he, all of a sudden, drew a large pistol from his belt and presented it at the face of the tall sailor who, not expecting it, was so overcome by this that he let the short sailor pick up his sword and begin again. Then the chopping recommenced," &c. Now, funny as this may read, it is, after all, no great caricature of the fights in *Richard, Macbeth*, and *Henry IV.*, as usually performed upon the stage. If there were nothing in the positive absurdity of the thing to deter an actor of a reflecting turn of mind from presenting himself in it, one would think that an ordinary degree of the instinct of self-preservation would have that effect.

DEATH OF A DWARF.—A remarkable character has just died in Paris—the dwarf Richebourg—who, though perhaps not quite so celebrated as "General Tom Thumb," was an historical personage. Richebourg, who was only sixty centimetres high, was in his sixteenth year placed in the household of the Duchess of Orleans (the mother of King Louis Philippe). He was often made useful for the transmission of despatches. He was dressed up as a baby, and important state papers placed in his clothes, and thus he was able to effect a communication between Paris and the *emigres*, which could hardly have taken place by any other means. The most suspicious of *sans culottes* never took it into his head to stop a nurse with a baby in her arms. For the last thirty years he lived in Paris in one of the houses in the remotest part of the Faubourg St. Germain. He had a morbid dread of appearing in public, and it is recorded that during this long period he never put his foot outside the house. He received from the Orleans family a pension of 3000 francs per annum. He had attained the ripe age of ninety-two.

BEHIND THE SCENES.

A Peep at the Rules and Regulations OF A DRAMATIC-EQUESTRIAN ESTABLISHMENT.

BELOW we give a copy of the rules and regulations governing Astley's great establishment, in London, and in so doing let our readers into a few of the secrets regarding fines, etc., to which performers are subject in all well-regulated theatres and other places of amusement.

ASTLEY'S THEATRE.

RULES AND REGULATIONS FOR THE ABOVE ESTABLISHMENT, UNDER THE MANAGEMENT OF MR. E. T. SMITH.

DRESSERS IN ROOM.

The gas burning in the rooms is in charge of the dressers; if turned up unnecessarily when inspected by the proper person nightly, will be subject, by the rules of the theatre, to a fine of 5s., to re-pay the waste.

Men must wash themselves before they put on stage dresses. Dressers allowing this (unless they report them) will be fined as well as the party offending.

Smoking by any person in a dressing room, the dresser or party smoking dismissed, with loss of arrears of salary. This is required by insurance company to be enforced.

Any party smoking in the theatre dismissed instantly, with loss of salary.

NOTICE TO CHILDREN, PANNER-BEARERS, PARTIES LOSING PROPERTIES, SUP.-REMEMBRANCERS, OR OTHERS.

In charge of banners, to see their banners carefully put away, and if left so that they can be damaged, fined 5s.

As the banners and all properties are valuable, no properties to be parted with unless given up to the property man; if left on the stage or wings without returning, a fine of 2s. 6d.

LADIES' AND WARDROBE DEPARTMENT.

Ladies absenting themselves, and not sending in the morning to the stage manager, stating their inability and cause of not attending, forfeit a week's pay or dismissal, forfeiting all salary.

Ladies talking or laughing on the stage, front of the audience, 2s. 6d.

Ladies washing their hands after their stage dresses are on, 5s.

Ladies sitting down on their satin or silver dresses, 5s.

Ladies wearing any jewelry or ribbons extra in the ballet, or during the time of their appearance on the stage, different to those given out for the piece, 2s. 6d.

It being perfectly understood nothing whatever is to be worn out of character, those only selected by the stage manager or lady in charge of wardrobe. This applies to the head dress, boots, shoes, &c. In the representation of characters, the uniformity of dress is everything.

Ladies not in attendance in time at the transformation of the scenes, 5s.

PROPERTY ROOM.

For every property man, appointed by the head of that department, neglecting to provide properties at the usual and proper time, after notice, 2s. 6d.

MUSICIANS.

Any member absent from the overture, 1s. 6d.

Any member absent from the evening's entertainment, without permission, to forfeit a week's salary.

Any member absent from rehearsal to forfeit 2s. 6d.

Any member leaving the orchestra previous to the performance or rehearsal being finished, without permission, to forfeit a night's salary.

All members of the band to enter the orchestra at the first bell, and the overture to commence at the second. No strangers to be allowed in the orchestra, under the forfeit of the price of admission.

Any neglect of the person having the care of the music, by not gathering the same in every night, will subject him to a forfeit of 2s. 6d.

STAGE CARPENTERS, &C.

Every carpenter, stageman, &c., to be at the theatre by six o'clock in the evening, or forfeit 6d.

Any wings or rakes not kept clear for horses and performers, half a night's salary.

Any set scene not properly set, forfeit 1s.

Any piece in a set scene falling down, not being properly fastened, &c., forfeit 6d.

Platforms not securely fastened by bolts, &c., forfeit 2s.

Any giving way through neglect, dismissal.

Traps not worked in time, forfeit 1s.

Traps not in proper repair of lines to forfeit 2s.

The stage to be cleared after the performance, or forfeit 1s.

The stage not being properly dressed, forfeit 6d.

The stage to be cleared and swept a quarter of an hour before the hour of rehearsal, or forfeit 6d.

Wrong wings put on to forfeit 6d. each.

No black, or proper backs to doors, windows, or other openings, to forfeit 6d.

Any person allowed in sight of the audience in wings to forfeit 6d.

The stage to be swept between each act and after every piece, or forfeit 6d.

Wrong flats put on to forfeit 1s.

Flats not properly closed and jointed to forfeit 6d.

The same not in proper time after the prompter's cue given, forfeit 6d.

Wrong borders to forfeit 6d.

Borders not in place in proper time at change of scene to forfeit 6d.

Borders not adjusted properly, hanging askew, too low or high, to forfeit 6d.

Grooves shown to forfeit 6d.

Grooves not down in proper time to forfeit 6d.

Flying pieces not properly attended to, to forfeit 6d.

Any person found in the flies, the flyman shall pay the charge of admission to the pit; frequent repetition of the same will incur a dismissal.

DRAMATIC AND EQUESTRIAN.

Feeding Time—Corn 7 o'clock, hay 11, corn 3, hay 5, corn 8, hay after done, and bedded for the night.

Horses before corn and hay thing. Clean pails of water to be ready in stable, filled.

The head groom has entire charge of horses and stables. Horses to be all exercised for half an hour each day, two and two.

The horses' legs, if wet, are to be rubbed dry. After cleaning horses, cloths to be well shaken outside.

No person whatever admitted but those employed on the establishment.

Before the performing cloths are placed on the horses, the grooms to wash and dress themselves. If any damage done to the cloths in folding or unfolding, the value to be stopped out of groom's wages, to make good; to be carefully folded up and handed to the property person appointed. If damage done by any one negligently, after the horses or cars are delivered on the stage, to be reported to the stage manager, that they may be fined.

No smoking allowed in stable on any pretence whatever, under pain of instant dismissal.

If any horse is unwell, will not feed, or any accident occurs, to be reported to the lessee immediately.

That persons employed as grooms, stable-boys, helpers, &c., be at the stables every morning at seven o'clock, or any other hour appropriated, or forfeit 1s., and repeated every half hour after that time.

The stable *never to be left without a groom* until closed.

Giving any horse corn without chaff, 1s.

The drains emptied every Saturday morning.

Sending a horse on stage without washing his white legs, or picking out his feet, first fine 5s.

Every person to attend the theatre by six o'clock in the evening, or forfeit a night's salary.

That every person wanted for the first piece, &c., shall be properly dressed, and ready to appear five minutes before the hour of commencing, or forfeit 2s. 6d.

Any person disturbing the peace of the theatre by bad language, threats, or provocation, or being guilty of gross or unbecoming behavior, such as is termed "sky-larking," on the stage or at rehearsal, to forfeit £1, and any other part of the theatre, at any time, 5s.

Any performer, whatever, refusing a part or character within their power and ability, to be discharged, or, at the option of the manager, to pay three weeks' salary.

Any person keeping the stage waiting, to forfeit 2s. 6d.

Any person damaging or defacing the walls, scenery or other property by larking, or otherwise, belonging to the theatre, to forfeit a week's salary.

Any person introducing more than is set in the part or character which such person is performing, unless by permission of the manager, to forfeit 5s.

Any person not going through their business in their best, usual, accustomed manner, to forfeit a night's salary.

Any person refusing to put on the dresses allotted by the manager for any performance whatever, to forfeit 2s.

Any person going on the stage without their faces being painted, or with dirty shoes or stockings, or not being properly and uniformly dressed, in the dresses allotted by the manager, to forfeit 2s. 6d.

Any person going on the stage without their properties, for which they must apply to the stage-keeper, and return the same, to forfeit 2s. 6d.

Any person permitting another to perform his or her part, or any person performing a part allotted to another, without the permission of the manager, shall forfeit a week's salary.

Any person absent when required at the commencement of a rehearsal, being properly informed by the prompter, to forfeit 1s.

If absent the whole rehearsal, to forfeit 2s.

The prompter is charged, among other duties, to make a true and impartial return to the treasurer of fines incurred for neglects and irregularities, under the foregoing rules, and if he neglects to do so, is subject to pay double the amount thereof.

All books and parts belonging to the establishment to be returned to the prompter within a week of the first representation of a piece; parties neglecting so to do will incur a fine of 5s.

For any horse, pony, &c., sent on the stage wrongly or slovenly dressed, a forfeit of 5s.

The head of each department is required to see all these rules punctually attended to, and any laxity shown by him towards any person in not returning to the treasurer a list of every fine incurred by such person, will subject him to the loss thereof.

That it be the duty of the head groom to see all the lights and fires properly put out, and every horse secured properly before leaving the theatre.

TRADESPEOPLE.

Mr. E. T. Smith will not be answerable for any goods ordered, except on a proper printed form, the number of which will be required to be sent to the treasurer when the account is settled.

GENERAL NOTICE.

Mr. E. T. Smith will not be answerable for any manuscript left at the theatre. Nor will he be accountable for any loss or damage that may occur to the same. BY ORDER.

REMARKABLE PEDESTRIAN FEAT BY A WOMAN.—For the past few weeks, a married woman named Edith Parsons, has been completing a walking match of 1,000 miles in 1,000 successive hours, at the Royal Park Gardens, Blackburn. She finished her pedestrian feat on Sunday afternoon, Dec. 11th, at 5 o'clock, in the presence of a large number of spectators, male and female, who cheered her loudly and very cordially. Parsons had hitherto made her living chiefly by hawking pots in Blackburn and the neighborhood, and, being a strong, stout woman, had agreed to walk the match on certain conditions being fulfilled by Mr. Gregory, the proprietor of the gardens. During the match she had been clothed in men's attire, with a woman's hat trimmed with blue ribbon. Owing to blunder in the measurement, she had to walk 34 hours longer than she would have done, and, in all, had walked 1,030 in 1,034 hours. It is the first match she ever undertook, but she expresses her willingness to perform another, and does not seem much fatigued with what she has done.

A SWIMMING CHAMBERMAID.—A notice of a recent steamboat explosion in a Western paper ends as follows: "The captain swam ashore. So did the chambermaid; she was insured for $15,000, and loaded with DEA."

SPORTS ABROAD.

The Ring.

SCIENTIFIC MILL

BETWEEN

JIM SKIPPER AND JACK HARTLEY,

FOR £20.

JIM SKIPPER, alias Mace's Stiff 'Un, of Norwich, and Jack Hartley of London, met on Wednesday, Dec. 21, in the Manchester District, to fight for £15 a side, at catch-weight. When the match was first made, little or no interest was created, but as the day of battle drew near, the opponents were all alive, and the match was eagerly watched. Both men have attained considerable reputation as bruisers, and from their previous performances, the fancy predicted a model mill, which certainly turned out to be a fact, during the rather short time the combat lasted. The chances of success of both men were so evenly balanced, that little or no speculation took place upon the event until the day. Stiff 'un hails from Norwich, and took his degrees in Jem Mace's school. He stands 5ft 3¾in., has seen twenty-six summers, and on this occasion weighed about 8st 8lb. He has been victorious in the ring twice, and his defeats have been the same.

Jack Hartley's first appearance in public was with Toddy Ray, whom he defeated after fighting 3½ hours, for £5 a side, October, 1857; beat Jem Keefe, the latter laying £12 to £10, 125 rounds, 3h 8min, January 19, 1858; drew with Keefe, £25 a side, June 16, 1858, after fighting 1h 30min; fought Mick Moran, £25 a side, 2h 20min, October, 1859, when in consequence of darkness they were ordered to fight again on the following Saturday, but Hartley having strained his ankle, forfeited; beaten by Peter Morris, £25 a side, 4h 40min, April, 1860; fought Young Lead, (Mace's Wonder,) £25 a side, 11 rounds, 30min, October 5, 1860, when the police interfered, and ultimately Hartley received £7 to draw the stakes; a draw with Tommy Newton, £20 a side, 19 rounds, 4h 4min, May 28, 1861, neither being able to finish; beat Stiff 'Un, his present opponent; beaten by Peter Morris, £25 a side, 2h 20min, 1862; a draw with Simon Finighty, £25 a side, January 18 and 19, 1862, first day half an hour, and second day 1h 30min; beaten by Napper, £10 a side, 1h 40min, 1863; received £2 10s forfeit from Jack Sullivan, and the same amount from Steel, of Birmingham. Jack is twenty-seven years of age, and weighed about 8st 2lbs. He was backed from Bill Lang's, Great Ancoats-street, Manchester, and his training was superintended by Young Lead.

On Tuesday night, Dec. 20, the representatives of the men met, according to articles, to toss for choice of ground, but a favorite and quiet spot was mutually agreed to, and on the following morning the services of an early *chemin de fer* were put into requisition, the order being to book for Hazle Head Bridge, on the Sheffield line. Thence a pleasant walk brought the party (which was exceedingly well conducted) to Flouch, when Swankey Greaves and his satellites quickly pitched the ropes and stakes. Expedition was the order of the day. Stiff 'un threw in the cap of defiance before it was properly light, having for his seconds Patsey Reardon and Joe Long; Hartley following suit, esquired by Young Lead and a friend. The difficulty of obtaining a referee was soon got over, Young Lyons undertaking the office. Hartley's color was a neat silk handkerchief, mauve ground, white check and border; and Stiff 'un's was almost similar. The toilets of the men were soon completed, and, at a quarter to nine, the snow falling heavily, they were delivered at the scratch for the fight.

Round 1.—Betting; 5 to 4 on Stiff 'un, who was in superb condition, and certainly had the advantage of height and weight over his opponent, who appeared rather too fleshy. For a considerable time the combatants sparred and feinted, their movements plainly showing that they were old generals at the game. Their arms played freely, and each waited for the other to take the initiative. Creeping close to his man, Hartley planted a good left-hander on the mark, and got away out of danger. Stiff 'un, not at all pleased with the investment, pulled himself together, and landed a hot 'un on the left eye, which brought the men to a close, and after some merry fibbing both were down.

2.—First blood (from a slight scar on Hartley's nose) for Stiff 'un. The latter fought very cautious, and getting well within range again visited Master Jack's left eye; Hartley returned the compliment with a "pile-driver" on the mark; a close, and both down, Hartley under.

3. Both quick to the call of time. Hartley looked mischievous, and without ceremony landed effectively on the body—good right and left exchanges; a close, and both were down.

4. Hartley first, and eager for business; Stiff 'un on the left eye (his fav

THE GAME OF CHESS.

To Correspondents.

JOHN SCHLESINGER.—Many thanks for that splendid problem; it shall be laid before our readers in two or three weeks; and we hereby warn our keenest problem critics that to solve it will require "mental chemicals" of very high proof. Mr. S., can't you imagine it to be New Year's about four times during 1865?

GEO. L. CONVERSE.—The chess record with which you have favored us is a gratifying proof at once of your zeal and progress.

H. A. BURT, Detroit.—Accept our thanks for the renewed proofs of your remembrance; the games shall have examination and, a selection at least, insertion. We congratulate you on the interest recently given to Chess in your city.

H. CHADWICK.—Thank you for the item and game from the Brooklyn C. C.; used and to be used. Can we look to you for half a dozen of the best contests between the best players in the tourney—especially a couple of Mr. President Perrin's victories? Ask Mr. P. to forward us a couple with his own notes appended.

E. H. C., Washington.—Beautiful and, we doubt not, excellent as usual. The problems, and the very kind, friendly letter, with genial holiday compliments, believe us we highly appreciate, wishing you every happiness in return.

CHAS. C. BARNES, Canajoharie.—"Is not that a dainty (Dutch) dish to set before a—civilized white man?" If you can digest that you must have a "stomach like a tin pan," as the nigger refrain has it.

MERCANTILE LIBRARY.—The match at this Philadelphia Chess resort between Messrs. Reichhelm and Montgomery, the former giving the odds of a Rook, has been won by Mr. M., 5 to 3. We have selected one of Mr. M.'s victories for next week.

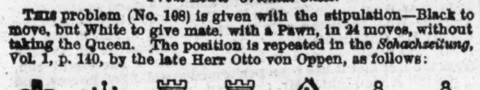
BROOKLYN CHESS CLUB.—We are much gratified to record a movement which indicates not merely life but zeal and prosperity of this well-established club, so long under the efficient presidency of our friend, ever honored wherever and whenever American Chess is mentioned, Frederick Perrin, Esq. This movement is the inauguration of the annual tournament, of which the veteran President's first joust, acknowledged elsewhere, has been sent us. This record we shall soon publish, and hope to see some contests in which his well-tried lance bears the pennon of victory.

HERR HIRSCHFELD, after a long and most acceptable visit to London, a visit the first-rates of the metropolis will long remember with pleasure, has returned to Prussia. His future home is to be at Koenigsburg, the Chess Club of which ancient capital will at once materially advance in standing from such an accession to its strength. Mr. Lichtenhein, though then so young, was once President of this club.

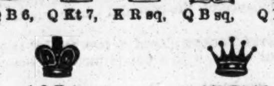
Enigma No. 462.

From Lewis' Oriental Chess.

THIS problem (No. 108) is given with the stipulation—Black to move, but White to give mate, with a Pawn, in 24 moves, without taking the Queen. The position is repeated in the *Schachzeitung*, Vol. 1, p. 140, by the late Herr Otto von Oppen, as follows:



at Q R sq, Q B 6, Q Kt 7, K R sq, Q B sq, Q R 2, Q Kt 2d.



at Q R sq, at K Kt 6th.

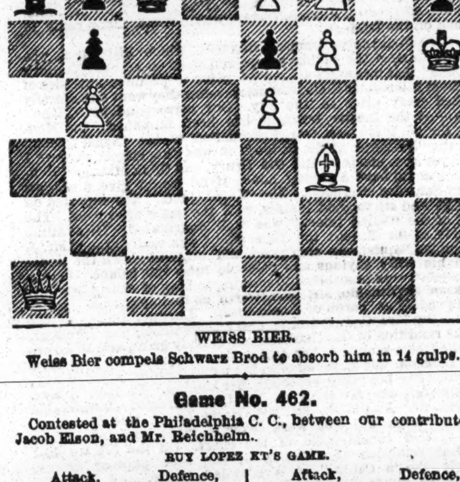
Black to play, but White to give mate in fourteen moves, with a Pawn, without taking the Queen; and, at a certain point, there is a variation in White's attack depending upon whether or not his K moves.

Problem No. 462.

"For C. C. Barnes to puzzle over."

BY THEO. M. BROWN.

SCHWARZ BROD.



WEISS BIER.

Weiss Bier compels Schwarz Brod to absorb him in 14 gulps.

Game No. 462.

Contested at the Philadelphia C. C., between our contributor, Jacob Elson, and Mr. Reichhelm.

RUY LOPEZ KT'S GAME.

Attack, Mr. Elson.	Defence, Mr. Reichhelm.	Attack, Mr. Elson.	Defence, Mr. Reichhelm.
1..P to K 4	P to K 4	22..K to his 3 (c)	R to Q 6 +
2..K Kt-B 3	Q Kt-B 3	23..K-his 2	K R-Q 2
3..K B-Kt 5	P-Q R 3	24..Q R-Q sq	K R × R
4..B-Q R 4	K Kt-B 3	25..K × K R	Q B-Q 6
5..Castles	K B-K 2	26..Kt × B 1st P	K-his B 2
6..P-Q 4	K P × P	27..K-Q 2	B-K B 3
7..P-K 5	K Kt-K 5	28..P-K Kt 3	K-his 2
8..K B × Kt	Q P × B	29..Kt-Q R 3	K-Q 3
9..Kt × Q 2d P	Castles	30..Kt-his 6	B-Q Kt 4
10..Q B-K 3	P-K B 3	31..K-Q B 3	K-Q B 4
11..Q-her 3	B P × P (a)	32..Kt-Q B 8	P-K Kt 4
12..Kt × B 2d P	Kt P × Kt	33..Q Kt-K 7	Q B-K 7 (d)
13..Q × K Kt	Q-her 4 *best*	34..P-Q Kt 4 +	K-Q 3
14..Kt-Q B 3	Q × Q	35..Kt-K B 5 +	K-his 3
15..Q Kt × Q	Q B-B 4	36..Q Kt-K 3	B × B P
16..P-K B 3	Q R-Q sq	37..P-Q R 4	P-K R 4
17..Q B-his 5 (b)	K B × B +	38..P-Q R 5	Q B-K 7
18..Q Kt × B	Q R-Q 7	39..Kt-Q B 4	Q B × Kt
19..Kt × R P	R × B P	40..K × Q B	K-Q 3 (e)
20..K R-B 2	Q R × R	41..P-Q Kt 5	P-Q B 4
21..K × Q R	K R-Q sq	42..P-Q R 6, and the	

Defence resigns the *partie*.

Notes, by our contributor.

(a) The reply to this move isolated Mr. R's Pawns and gave the Attack much the better game.
(b) A very well played move.
(c) The only move to preserve the advantage already acquired. R to K sq would have lost him, finally, the Q R P, and, possibly, Q Kt P also, by the Defence replying 22..R to Q R sq.
(d) Winning a P; the object of his 32d move was overlooked by the Attack.
(e) Of no real avail: nor would it have been to have taken the Kt P at the next move.

CHEQUERS.

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18-tf

To Correspondents.

J. MCGREGOR, Winooski, Vt.—Your analysis appears below.

Solution of Position No. 36--Vol. XII.

BY L. E. MARSH.

White.	Black.	White.	Black.
1..30 to 26	31 to 24	4.. 6 to 9	5 to 14
2.. 8 11	15 8	5..22 25	29 22
3.. 7 10	14 7	6..26	28, and wins.

Solution of Drummond's 45th Position.

THIRD EDITION.

White.	Black.	White.	Black.
1..19 to 15	10 to 19	5.. 7 to 2	25 to 30
2..12 8	3 12	6.. 2 7	30 26
3..18 22	17 26	7.. 7 10	26 23
4..30 7	21 25	8..10 15	23 26
		9..15	18, and wins.

Championship Game Improved.

ED. CLIPPER.—In game No 48, Vol. XII., the the thirty-ninth game between Wylie and Martins, which was drawn, I can't see why Wylie did not go in to win after the 34th move by this play:

Black.	White.	Black.	White.
..13 to 17	9 to 14	40..27 to 23	10 to 14
..17 21	14 18	41.. 1 6	14(A) 17
..23 27	18 22	42.. 6 10	17 13
..27 32	3 7	43..10 15.	Black wins.
..32 27	7 10		

(A)

..	23 17	43..25 29	14(B) 17
..21 25	17 22	44.. 6 10.	Black wins.

(B)

..	22 17	45..25 22	14 9
..29 25	17 13	46.. 6 10.	Black wins.

Or, at the 42d move in the game he could have won.

..25 30	26 22	47..19 24	32 28
.. 1 6	14 18	48..24 27	28 32
.. 6 10	18 23	49..27 31	32 28
..10 15	23 27	50..20 26	28 19
..15 19	27 32	51..31 26.	Black wins.

Yours, &c. JOHN MCGREGOR.

Match Games.

BETWEEN J. MCINTOSH AND J. MCGREGOR.

Black—J. McI.		White—J. McG.	
7.. 4	8	24	20
8.. 8	11	27	24
9.. 3	7		

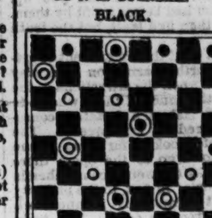
SECOND GAME.

Black—J. McG.		White—J. McI.	
7.. 5	14	26	23
8.. 2	6	24	20
9..15	24	28	19

Position No. 37, Vol. XII.

BY J. R. BURNHAM.

BLACK.



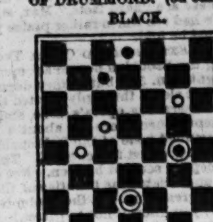
WHITE.

White to move and win.

The 46th Position

OF DRUMMOND. (3d edition.

BLACK.



WHITE.

Black to move and win.

Game No. 49--Vol. XII.

FORTY-SECOND GAME of the Championship Match of Great Britain.

MAID OF THE MILL.

Martins.	Wylie.	Martins.	Wylie.
1..11 to 15	22 to 17	16.. 2 to 11	32 to 27
2.. 8 11	17 13	17.. 3 8	27 24
3..15 18	23 14	18.. 8 12	24 19
4.. 9 18	26 23	19.. 6 10(b)	20 16
5..10 14	24 20	20..11 20	18 9
6.. 4 8	28 24	21..20 24	26 23
7..11 15	(a) 30 26	22..24 27	31 24
8.. 6 10	23 19	23..22 26	23 18
9..14 17	21 14	24..14 23	21 7
10..10 17	19 10	25.. 5 13	7 2
11.. 7 14	25 21	26..26 30	19 15
12..18 22	24 19	27..23 27	15 11
13.. 8 11	27 23	28..27 31	24 19
14.. 1 6	19 16	29..31 26	11 8
15..12 19	23 7	30..14 18	8 3

and the game was played for sixty moves further, and finally abandoned as drawn.

(a) The variation. Anderson plays 23 to 19.
(b) For the next seven moves on each side the game is played in splendid style.

Game No. 50--Vol. XII.

THIS GAME we found cut from the *Weekly News*, with a request to players to test the play of the 11 to 16 move in "Old Fourteenth" to see if Black could draw the game after that move is made. We give a variation or two, showing that Black can draw.

OLD FOURTEENTH.

Black.	White.	Black.	White.
1..11 to 15	23 to 19	23..29 to 25	2 to 6
2.. 8 11	22 17	24..25 22	18 14
3.. 4 8	17 13	25..22 17	14 9
4..15 18	24 20	26..17 14	9 5
5..11 15	28 24	27..14 18	5 1
6.. 8 11	26 23	28..11 16	24 20
7.. 9 14	31 26	29..16 19	6 10
8..11 16(a)	20 11	30..19 24	1 6
9.. 7 16	21 17	31..18 23	(b) 32 28
10..14 21	23 7	32..23 19	20 16
11.. 2 11	19 10	33.. 8 8	6 9
12.. 6 15	26 23	34..24 27	28 24
13.. 1(2) 6	28 19	35..19 28	10 15
14..16 23	27 18	36..12 19	15 31
15..15 22	25 18	37..28 24	9 14
16.. 6 10	29 25	38.. 8 11	14 18
17..10 14	18 9	39..11 16	18 23
18.. 5 14	25 22	40..16 20(1)	31 26
19..14 17	22 18	41..24 28	23 19
20..17 22	13 9	42..28 32	26 23
21..22 25	9 6	43..32 28	23 27
22..25 29	6 2	White wins.	

(1)

40..24 19	23 27	41..16 20	31 26

White wins by Anderson's 2d position.

(a) Anderson does not play this variation.
(b) A beautiful position at this point in the game for White to play and win.

(2)

We show Black draws by the following play:—

13.. 3 7(c)	(3)23 (4)18	20.. 5 14	18 9
14..15 22	25 18	21..27 31	28 18
15.. 7 10	29 25	22..15 19	18 14
16..10 15	25 22	23..19 23	22 17
17..16 19	24 20	24.. 1 5	9 6
18..19 24	27 23	25..31 26	14 9
19..24 27	13 9	26.. 5 14	17 10

Drawn.

(3)

13..	30 26	16..23 26	32 28
14..21 30	23 19	17..11 15	24 20
15..30 23	19 8	Drawn.	

(4)

13..	30 19	17..10 15	25 22
14..16 23	27 18	18.. 5 9	13 6
15..15 22	25 18	19.. 1 10	24 20
16.. 7 10	29 25	20..12 16	32 28

Drawn.

(c) This is a much stronger move than that made by J. D. in the *Weekly News*.

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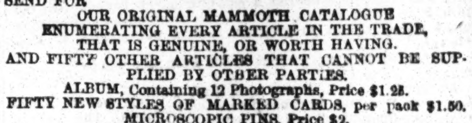

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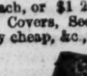

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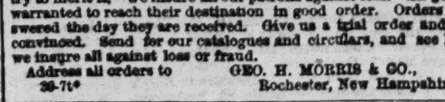

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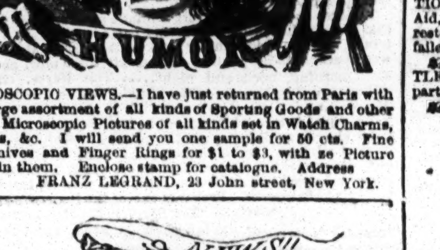

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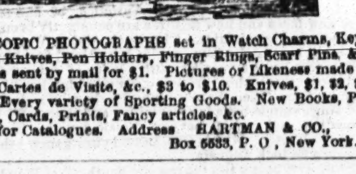

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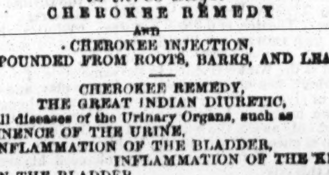

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City Summary.

MONDAY, January 9, 1865.

IF THE first week of the new year is to be taken as a criterion, we may look out for a squally and a squashy time of it, for during the opening days of the young year, we have had snow, and rain, and hail, and slush, and mud, and a street mixture for which no name has yet been found—truly it was a dirty week, and almost beyond endurance; but nothing can keep New York at home; the people must be moving—they cannot rest contented at home; they have had a brief season of sleighing, a few days of skating, a trifle of wading, and the usual number of murders, robberies, and no-one-to-blame-able railroad accidents. In all of these lively and rational out-door amusements have the good people of this virtuous city participated; and notwithstanding those extra attractions, those street scenes, etc., our in-door resorts have suffered but very little, theatres, concerts, shows of various kinds, etc., being quite liberally patronized, the attendance indicating that good entertainments will continue to meet with encouragement......From the character of the "play bills" to be found at the theatres and halls, it might be inferred that our managers intend to dabble in gossip, and scandal, and treat their readers to scenes going on in private life, instead of confining their operations to legitimate and illegitimate amusements of a public character. If it really *is* their intention to season their entertainments with fashionable and unfashionable gossip, items concerning marriages, and dinners, and "all those sort of things," we have no objection to contribute our mite toward the budget, and thus lessen the labors of those engaged in getting up their "play bill," and at the same time give tone to the style of reading prepared for their lady patrons. Here is our first instalment toward the literary department of the various managers' "bill of the play"—

☞ Among the marriages shortly to be consummated is one between the son and heir of one of our principal street sweepers, and the lovely and amiable Miss Dubessy, principal chambermaid to Mrs. Coaloil, of the Fifth avenue. Tickets for soup for five hundred have been issued.

☞ A grand supper of liver and onions took place at the palatial residence of Joseph Bottes, Esq., Cow Bay, Five Points, on the 6th inst. His Honor, Jimmy Mulligan, was among the invited guests.

☞ *On dit*, that the wife of one of our most distinguished soil gatherers is about to present her husband with a first token of mutual love and affection. Although married ten years, they are without children. Rumor says that a dashing young bill sticker has lately been in the habit of sticking his bills in the vicinity of the residence of the lady. We refrain from comments.

☞ Billy Jinkins, of the firm of Billy Jinkins Sons, footman to Simpson Dipsy, M. C., of Madison avenue, is about to lead to the halter a *fille* of great personal attractions.

☞ A surprise party came off at the Maison Hardee, on the 4th. Spoons were laid for a brigade of our first-class bone boilers. Among the invited guests were Job Cobley's pot boy, Angevine Frytag, Colored Mann, Barney the Billdad, etc. The affair did not terminate until the wee sma' hours, etc.

☞ Pris. Gaskell, *nee* Mary Jones, is to give a private *conversatione* and lunch to her friends and acquaintances on Monday evening next, at her residence, *Rue de Mercier*. An air of privacy and mystery surrounds the preparations. As we have the *entree*, we shall have a rich dish to serve up to our readers.

☞ A stag party assembled at the residence of Steve Josephson, Esq., Buttertub Terrace, on Saturday evening last.

☞ Lilly Dale, daughter of Geoffrey Dale, the well-known and fashionable pieman, has eloped with Sandy Wiggins, the knuckleduster.

☞ We hear that Baldy Swipes, the celebrated hasheater, has suddenly disappeared from his residence on the Fifth Avenue, after having seduced the youngest daughter of Jake Simonson, of codfish renown. A just punishment awaits the evil-doer.

☞ A *soiree* and *dansantee*, on the Canal street plan, were among the festivities on "the Island" during the holidays. Mrs. Peter Pottinger did the honors.

☞ Young Brassey, of the Fives Court, will give a house warming on the 12th, it being the eighteenth anniversary of his accession to his present proud position. Fifth Avenue is all in a flutter.

☞ Miss Biddy Finnegan, so long and favorably known in the fashionable world, as a leader of the *haut ton*, has run away with her father's nigger footman. This is one of the results of miscegenation.

☞ Anthony Moran, of the N. Y. N. service, gave a free lunch at 12 on Friday last. Joe Baldock, Esq , of Baldock Hall, and heir to the Baldock estate, served up the fodder.

This is all the fashionable gossip we can furnish at present, but managers have [illegible] to use these items in their bills for the entertainment [illegible].

ALTHOUGH it was publicly announced that our city managers [illegible] in a body on Tuesday evening, [illegible], on the occasion of the re-appearance of Mr. J. L. Wallack, yet we are sorry to say that the promise was not kept. Among the establishments not represented were the Olympic Theatre, Broadway Theatre, Varieties, Campbell's Minstrels, Menagerie, New Bowery Theatre, and Stadt Theatre. "Why was this thus?"

WHEN THE PEOPLE cry "hold, enough," of "Hamlet," which at present they do not seem inclined to do, "Richelieu" will be produced at the Winter Garden in the same style of magnificence as that which has characterized the former play, and which has assisted in giving it such a prosperous run at that house. "Richelieu," we hear, has been in course of preparation for a long time, and only awaits the withdrawal of "Hamlet," to be put on the stage at once. Edwin Booth, by his masterly delineation of the character of Hamlet, has greatly enhanced his artistic reputation in this city.

WE ARE to lose Fanny Herring—her farewell, complimentary, benefit is to take place at the old Bowery Theatre, on the 13th inst., when we may expect to witness such an audience as is seldom seen inside of a theatre. On the 23d inst., she commences a star engagement at the Lyceum Theatre, Toronto, C. W., where she opens in her great play of "Lysiah."

THE CAMELS which were coming, have come, a number of the Bactrian species having arrived here on the 3d inst , in a Bremen steamer. These newcomers are double-humped, or, to speak plainer, they get their backs up twice as often as the ordinary camel, which is but single-humped. Of course, they come to Van Amburgh's Menagerie, where, of late, quite a number of extra animals have been added to the ferocious family.

THE ITALIAN OPERA has gone in, and the 14th street house is in calm repose, leaving the field entirely open for the horse opera, opposite.

MR. R. M. HOOLEY, the popular and enterprising minstrel manager, has purchased an interest in Campbell's Minstrels in the Bowery, and hereafter that party and the one at Hooley's Opera House, Brooklyn, will be known as Hooley and Campbell's Minstrels.

SEEING THE ELEPHANT is a very popular pastime with most of our country cousins, when they visit our goodlie citye, but frequently the sight they get at the animal with a tail at both ends has such a dazzling effect that they get blind—drunk, and the following morning, when questioned, what went ye out for to see? they are led to exclaim in the words of the poet—"we don't see it." Their misfortunes are all brought about, however, by their ignorance in regard to natural history, and not being able to tell the difference between an elephant and a tiger. If instead of perambulating the streets in search of the mammoth quadruped, they were to go to Van Amburgh's Menagerie, now located on Broadway, they would there see *the* elephant, made after the same pattern as the one that entered Noah's ark, and as fine and large a specimen of his species as was ever seen, even in India. He is named Hannibal, after one of the greatest warriors known to history. This Hannibal, we are told, is great on his feed, and his board has cost Messrs. Van Amburgh & Co. no less than $50,000 since they have had him Besides this behemoth of a beast, there are lots of other wild animals, never before seen in this country, in the Van Amburgh collection, and they have also just added thereto three Bactrian or double-humped camels, the first that have been seen here for nearly forty years, which have been imported at immense cost, and have been paid for in gold. The Arabian camel, or dromedary, is familiar to the American public, as numerous specimens have been exhibited in menageries, and in several instances teams of six and eight of these animals have been used by circus companies to draw band-chariots when parading towns previous to giving their exhibitions, and as these have always been advertised as camels, the impression almost universally prevails in this country that the true camel has but one hump and the dromedary two, while precisely the reverse of this is the fact. The Bactrian camel is seldom found in Arabia, but is a native of that part of Asia located north of the Himalayas, and attains a much larger size and greater muscular development than the dromedary. This is truly the age of improvements, for instead of travelling about town o' nights in search of the elephant, and perhaps not see one after all, we can now, thanks to Messrs. Van Amburgh & Co., go at almost any hour of the day or evening and see not only an elephant, but hundreds of other curious beasts, birds, etc., for a small fee, without fear of evil consequences. Our fellow citizens and country cousins should certainly avail themselves of this opportunity to study natural history at the Menagerie.

SAM SHARPLEY, the popular minstrel manager, has been in town the past two weeks, and looks all the better for his travels through the East and West with the Iron Clad Minstrels. While here, he sold out to S. S. Sanford one-half interest in his company for three thousand dollars, and with the addition of such an old professional, combined with the tact and go-ahead-itiveness of Mr. Sharpley, the Iron Clads will prove a hard company to battle against.

THERE is no let up on the fiery, untamed steed—we see him in all his shades and changes, in black, in white, and marble gray. We see him at one time bounding along with "The Menken" strapped on his back; anon he dashes before us, freighted with bonny Kate Fisher; again, the untameable animal comes down the run, bearing the unfortunate Kate Vance; once more the furious beast brings to our notice still another Kate—Raymond, and so on, *ad infinitum*, or world without end. Last week brought us Leo Hudson, of pleasing face and luscious form, and one of the best female Mazeppas upon the stage. During the week, she has succeeded in attracting large audiences to the New Bowery, such audiences as warrant Manager Lingard in running "Mazeppa" another week. Leo has a good round voice, and uses it well; her physical resources are exceedingly pleasing to the eye, and she does the "runs" as well as any of those who have preceded her. In addition to "The Hudson," a variety of other attractions are offered each evening.

ARRIVED, on Saturday, Jan. 7th, on the Golden Rule, from San Francisco, Ben Cotton, the popular Ethiopian comedian, with his wife and four innocent children. It appears that Ben went back on his contract with a California manager, was "injuncted" not to perform except for said manager, so he bundled up his traps, and came home. We believe this is the first consignment of Cotton ever received from San Francisco, and the first to reach this port since Sherman took Savannah.

THROUGH the influence of the "What Is It?" we have been made acquainted with several queer specimens of the monkey tribe and its contingencies. The "What Is It?" proved to be a well-disposed sort of character, with an "iron will" of its own, which Mr. Barnum soon learned how to bend and make subservient, as deep thinkers would poetically express it, to his own showmanic rule. Another member of the atrocious tribe of monkeys is now to be seen at the Menagerie; it is called the Hamadryas baboon, or Lion-Slayer—so called from the fact that these chaps, like some of our own city roughs, combine together to destroy human life in the most lawless manner, and actually stone lions to death, notwithstanding the hard-earned reputation the latter have gained as being kings of the forest. This Hamadryas, however, is not to be classed quite so low as our own inhuman roughs, although he is pronounced the lowest in order of the monkey species; he makes no claim to personal distinction in his assaults, and in this he is unlike our New York Hamadryas; for the latter not only boasts of the number of murders he has committed, but claims recognition and assistance, and receives it, too, from men moving in high positions in public life. There is only *one* "Lion-Slayer" in this city, and he may be found at the Menagerie. Of man-slayers, however, the great city of New York can boast of its thousands, and, as if these were insufficient, our rulers occasionally pardon convicted murderers, and set them loose upon the world again.

"THE LIVE INDIAN" is a person of much perspicuity and comic fun, as portrayed by John Shingle, or Owens, rather, at the Broadway Theatre. The sketch bearing the name above indicated serves to bring out in strong light the quaint characteristics and quiet points of that brilliant specimen of legal acumen, "Solon Shingle." There is no cessation in the merriment which these two pieces create—they are as brimful of fun as New York is of good oysters and bad liquor. The Broadway Theatre is making money for its manager, for its star, and for its people, and we are glad of it. Before Mr. George Wood took hold of the place, it was "nasty papers," to speak in the figurative language of our collegiate graduates and private seminary and boarding school students; like some of the Pennsylvania "oil districts," it was unproductive property; but when George Wood and John Owens commenced boring together, they soon "struck ile," and have had a beautiful flow ever since, "I'll bet yer."

JOHNNY BOOKER, as he is familiarly called, is to have a benefit [illegible]ing, Jan. 14th, at Campbell's Minstrel Hall on Saturday eve[illegible] performing, on which occasion, in addition to the double troupe [illegible] and Collins, there will be a triple clog dance by Stuart, Goodwin, and [illegible]. Mr. Booker was recently the recipient of a testimonial in the western country not quite so pleasing or acceptable as that to be given him here on the 14th—the former being in the shape of a bullet, in the region of the heart, fired during some temporary excitement. The ball has not been extracted, and although Mr. Booker is now performing, yet the wound is still painful and embarrassing to him at times. Let us all assist in making the coming benefit a substantial affair, and "meet Johnny Booker at the Minstrel Hall."

TIME WAS—and that ere many summers had cast their blighting influences o'er our youthful "cannister," as the boys call one's *os frontis*—when "jugulars" and acrobatic performers did display their feats in the highways and by-ways, in full view of the passers by and those who had their res. therein, for the consideration of a public collection; but gone are those days, gone are the free shows, and street jugglers with their bowls, and plate, and pitcher. We have nothing of that kind now-a-days—the great city of London monopolises all such talent, the streets of the British metropolis being filled with begging minstrels and amateur showmen. While the taste of England, in such matters, has deteriorated, ours has improved, many of our circus performances now ranking among our first class amusements. At the Hippotheatron, a company of very talented artists are giving entertainments comprising equestrianism, gymnastics, acrobatic feats, etc., combined with a very successful pantomime called "Harlequin Blue Beard," which has been produced in really capital style, and with all the accessories necessary to pantomimic changes and developments. The circus business is looking up, and those engaged in it can, if they will, make such entertainments more popular than they ever have been. Circus folks used to be looked upon as a low set, rough and uneducated. It is not the case now. The members of the profession at present are, as a general thing, gentlemanly and courteous both in their public and private associations; the clowns are no longer vulgar, but give evidence of refinement and education; managers are capable, responsible, and of good standing in society. In fact, the circus is a far different affair to what it was "when Kirby died." It rests with its members to elevate it still higher in public estimation. While reflecting upon the subject, let the public look in at the Hippotheatron, and enjoy the varied acts performed there.

A. WARD having given us an insight into Mormon life, a Turkish gentleman follows suit with lectures on Turkey, but they are not so well seasoned or so funny as Ward's, and therefore don't take so well. Private lectures on turkey have been quite frequent during the holidays. Mrs. Conyers gave her callers a taste of this subject on New Year's day, and her regular boarders a rehash of it on the day following. It was well done and quite edifying to Mrs. Conyer's circle.

TALKING about Mrs. Conyers reminds us of another fat woman that Barnum has just secured—her name is Battersby—Mrs. Battersby, and her weight in her stocking feet, by the Museum heavy weight-scales, is 700 pounds. She is all there now, and may be seen morning, noon and night......Tim Hayes, one of the "Champion Clog Dancers of the World," has also been added to Mr. Barnum's list. Tim is certainly a good dancer, making music equal to a Dutch drum *corps*, and stepping out with as much alacrity as that displayed by Hardee when he left Savannah by the back gate. Go see Timothy......Also added to the curiosity department, a mammoth monkey, which Barnum says formerly belonged to Gen. Beauregard, and was captured by the Federals at Savannah. Probably one of the General's staff...... The gorgeous spectacle of "The Ring of Fate" is still on in the dramatic department. It is a show in itself, and promises to ring in large receipts.

SPEAKING of shows, we notice that they have something fresh in New London, where the uniform of the police is described as consisting of a wreath and a number on a cap, a shield on the breast, and a silver-buckled belt around the waist. If the New [illegible] very loose sort of people. Such uniform is no better than a Georgia costume, or a model artist suit. *Our* police are much better clad.

BUT VARIETY is the spice of life, and at no place can we see a greater combination than at the Varieties, 37 and 39 Bowery, for here new faces and new features are constantly brought out, with new acts and specialities. This week, Walter Wentworth, contortionist, is among the new people; Miss Maud Stanley is also there —Miss Stanley is a vocalist, with a voice of extraordinary power and compass, reaching from low Z up to high izzard; she is from Birmingham. Then there's Jenny Engle, who looks like an angel, and sings simple ballads acceptably; and there's W. B. Cavanagh, comedian; and a whole bevy of female dancing beauties, led by Augusta Walby. Why is Geo. Lea a better general than Sherman? Because he took Augusta.

THEY ARE DOING the "Secession Soother" at Wood's Minstrels, and it takes well. Gen. Sherman has appeared in the same character at Savannah, with equal success, which goes to show the superiority of soothing influences over harsher measures in bringing back to the Union fold our erring sisters, who wished to depart in peace and a blaze of fireworks......Frank Brower re-appeared with Wood's Minstrels last week, and will continue his performances until further notice. Mr. Wood's quartette is the best in New York; it is quite a treat to listen to the pieces sung by this party.

THE OCTO—P-L-E-X, plex, Octoplex, z-a-r-a, zara, Octoplexzara Troupe finish with Campbell's Minstrels this week, and then make way for a new order of things to be inaugurated by the new management. Let us see the Octos. while we may.

THE OLD BOWERY keeps up its success. We doubt if Manager Hamblin, in his best days, never had such a run of business as Manager Fox has had during the past year.

A NEW IRISH DRAMA, with the highly romantic title of "The Shamrock," was produced at Niblo's Garden, on Tuesday evening of last week. The house was densely crowded, and the atmosphere was decidedly close and sultry. One stout gentleman, it is said, melted slowly away, and his fat was afterwards sold to an army "fat contractor." The plot of the new play is like that of most pieces of this description. We have an outraged sister, a revengeful brother, a cursing father, a hard landlord, a downtrodden peasantry, a silly lord, and, finally, a faithful Irishman and his sweetheart. Of course, there are a great many love-scenes and a great many hair-breadth escapes, but everybody is rendered happy at the fall of the curtain. The dialogue of the new play is not as well written as might be, and, in many parts, it is exceedingly immoral. Mr. and Mrs. Barney Williams are very good in their line of characters, but they should never descend to vulgarity to create a laugh. We heard several things on Tuesday evening which we should feel ashamed to utter. As the play is at present performed, the language, in some instances, is such as to bring a blush to beauty's cheek. We think we hear some one asking, "What has 'The Shamrock' got to do with all this?" "The Shamrock," unsophisticated mortal, is a fine specimen of a stage-baby that passes through a series of wonderful adventures. It is left in the grass by its mother, it is taken care of by another, it is finally restored to the arms of its doting parent, it is almost drowned, and it is afterwards left to live in peace. Mr. Barney Williams throws a little spirit into the part of Pat Malloy, and Mrs. Williams is excellent as Maggie; but both characters are unworthy of an actor and actress who have attained the highest round of the histrionic ladder. Were it not for the scenery, which is superb, we are of the opinion that the new play would be a failure. We must say that we have two bones to pick with the management. First, too much time is taken up between the acts, and the audience is left to fidget and worry and lose all interest in the piece. If the new play is too short, and we think it is, let it be given together with a light farce, and we have no doubt that it would prove an agreeable dose. Second, we object to the lowering of the gas-lights in the body of the theatre. The flickering glare of the burners is very injurious to the eyesight, and should be remedied. We would like to say a few words in praise of the new play, but we cannot. To us it is like a poor picture in a magnificent frame. There is very little merit in the work itself, and the only thing which attracts the eye is the splendid style in which it is mounted.

THE holiday folks flocked so numerously to 444 the past week that Manager Butler has had to turn away crowds of amusement seekers every night. As usual, dancing, comic and sentimental singing, and Ethiopianisms continue to be the special features of the evening's entertainment, and these are conducted with the customary ability displayed by the management. Tony Pastor, who has returned, is constantly introducing new songs; Lizzie Schultze, Millie Flora, and the entire *corps de ballet*, under the able direction of Mons. Grossi, appear in the well arranged ballet of "The Isle of Nymphs." Frank Lacy, a new addition to the company, appears each evening as the "Cure;" he is a very clever performer. 444 has not shewn itself behind the other places of amusement in the city in providing extra attractions suited to the season, for the fairy trick pantomime, entitled the "House that Jack Built," has been produced, and given with due effect. Among those who contribute to the comical portion of the entertainments, we must specially point to James Maffitt and W. H. Bartholomew, who, as Clown and Pantaloon, introduced plenty of fun, and kept the audience in the best of humor. Lizzie Schultze was the Columbine, and dressed and personated the character exceedingly well. The piece has been well put on the stage, and, no doubt, attracts a large portion of the audience.

M'LLE CHRISTINE, the famous and fascinating *danseuse*, is now in this city, and seeks an engagement by advertising in this week's CLIPPER, to which we refer for the lady's address, etc.

THE PIANO is Mr. Robert Heller's *forte*, and magic his occupation. If you wish to see tricks cleverly performed, and the keys of the *piano-forte* artistically manipulated, visit the Salle Diabolique, opposite to which is the Metropolitan Hotel, so you cannot miss it. This week is announced as the last of the beautiful little pantomime, as well as of the beautiful Columbine and her captivating gyrations and terpsichorean evolutions. The present week will witness the close of one of the most successful programmes ever produced by Mr. Heller.

ANCE WOOD, an old advertising agent, and at present with Campbell's Minstrels in the Bowery, wants a "sit." to travel as Advance Agent. Would those in need give Ance a chance?

JOSEPH MURPHY, delineator of Negro minstrelsy, arrived in this city on the 7th inst., by the steamer Golden Rule, from San Francisco.

MRS. WOOD'S latest sensation, "The Streets of New York," with its fun, its pathos, and other peculiar features, continues to meet with favor at the Olympic, and in consequence of its success, the coming fairy spectacle is deferred a little longer. It will keep, however, and the more time given to rehearsals will help to insure its success, when it shall have been brought before us.

MESSRS. CONNER & LEA, the well-known dramatic agents, are doing an extensive business in their line. In another column in this issue, will be found advertisements for and in behalf of several noted performers whose services they control, viz., Henry Cook and his dogs and monkeys, W. J. Thompson and his champion dogs, M'lle. Annetta Galetti, M'lle. Marie Zoe, M'lle. Anita Zanfretta, Walter Grisdale, Harry Howland, J. W. McAndrews & Co. Managers wishing people, and people wishing engagements, should not fail to have their names recorded in the books of Messrs. Conner & Lea, as speedily as possible.

THE TESTIMONIAL BENEFIT for Hi. Rumsey, the well-known banjo performer and Ethiopian comedian, who is now partially paralyzed and unable to perform, will take place at Campbell's Minstrels, in the Bowery, opposite Spring street, on Thursday afternoon, January, 12th. Our minstrel friends are all exerting themselves to make the affair a success. Among the volunteers are the following:—*From Wood's Minstrels*—Archy Hughes, J. T. Boyce, C. Henry, C. Leckwood, J. Schwicardi, W. Glenn, L. Brimmer. *From Bryants'*—Nelse Seymour, Dave Reed, J. Sivori, Dan Emmett, Master Tommy. *From Campbell's*—Ned Davis, W. S. Budworth, Johnny Booker, Frank Leslie, N. W. Gould, J. Copeland, W. Hodgkin, A. Nichols, J. Bailey, J. Livingston, L Meyer, Master L. Collins, Little Willie Guy. *From Hooley's, Brooklyn*—J. Budworth, J. A. Herman, G. W. H. Griffin, J. H. Clifford, Cool Burgess. In addition to this extraordinary combination from four great troupes, Frank B. Converse, the celebrated banjo player, will appear; also, J. H. Hilton, basso. The prices of admission are as follows:—Parquet, 50 cents; Family Circle, 25 cents; lower private boxes, $10 each; upper private boxes, $5 each—for this occasion only. The occasion itself should draw a large audience, but when we look at the great number of volunteers, some of the best in the profession, the house should be crowded to its utmost capacity.

MATILDA HERON sailed for San Francisco last week. She is under an engagement to Maguire, and is to open at his Opera House about the 20th of February.

PRESENTATION.—On Saturday evening last, at the Olympic Theatre, Mr. Charles Parsloe, Jr., was the recipient of a handsome testimonial of the esteem in which he is held by his numerous friends, during the performance of "The Streets of New York," in which he sustains the character of a bootblack. The testimonial consisted of an elegant banjo, elaborately mounted in massive silver, manufactured by the well-known Dobson Brothers, and bearing the inscription, "Presented to Charles Parsloe, Jr., by his friends in New York, as a mark of their respect and esteem for the artist and the gentleman. New York, January 7th, 1865." A handsomely framed engrossed address, bearing the names of the subscribers, accompanied the testimonial, which was presented on the stage during the progress of the piece.

MESSRS. JAMES WIBIRT & Co., dramatic and musical agents, whose office is at 512 Broadway, offer to furnish managers with talent of any kind. See advertisement.

THE NICOLO TROUPE closed their engagement at Mrs. Warner's Circus, Philadelphia, last week, and are at present in this city. Parties wishing to secure these *artistes* can do so through their agents, Messrs. Wibirt & Co., dramatic agents, as will be seen in an advertisement elsewhere.

Dramatic.

AFFAIRS at the Griswold Opera House, Troy, have been somewhat mixed up, on account of the illness of Mr. E. T. Stetson. Monday night, Jan. 2d, they advertised "Waiting for the Verdict," with Mr. Stetson in the leading part; but Mr. S. being taken suddenly ill, left them in a sad predicament; they finally worried through it by changing parts, and by Miss Addie Anderson taking a man's part, which, our correspondent "Bonto" says, "she did splendidly. During the piece Mrs. Stetson fainted away, and Miss Jennie Anderson was called upon to read her part for the balance of the play, which she did very finely, showing her to be a very careful reader as well as actress. The play was discontinued until further notice. We have had several French dramas through the week, and on Friday, Jan. 6th, we have Mr. Stetson again in 'Richard III.;' Saturday evening, 'The Robbers.' Mr. Stetson has many friends in Troy, and it is to be hoped that he will get through the rest of his engagement without further illness."

THE NEWARK THEATRE, N. J., under the management of Kate Fisher, is still open, and with the exception of last week, business has been flattering to the fair lessee since she took the managerial reins in hand. Miss Fisher is the only person that has succeeded in keeping this establishment open anything like the time she has had it. This has been done by hard work alone, and we are pleased to chronicle the fact. She is deserving of every success at the hands of the Newarkites, for, during her lesseeship of this theatre, she has not only constantly produced novelties, but has introduced to the citizens of that place several first-class stars. Frank Drew closed there on the 7th inst. During his engagement the business was not good, owing to its being so near after the holidays. This week the manageress appears, playing "Herne the Hunter;" and on Wednesday evening, Jan. 11th, is tendered a complimentary benefit. On the 16th, Kate Denin Ryan and Sam Ryan commence a star engagement. They intend to produce several pieces new to that "burgh."

FANNY BROWN'S engagement in San Francisco was to have terminated on Dec. 11th.

AT THE CAIRO, ILL., ATHENÆUM, Kate Newton [illegible] was unable to appear on Dec. 31st, in consequence of sickness. The farce of "Cool as a Cucumber" and "A Glance at New York," were performed. Miss Jennie Hight commenced there on the 2d inst, opening in "Esmeralda" and "[illegible] A Day in Paris."

CHICAGO THEATRICALS.—Our correspondent "Argus" thus discourseth on theatricals in Chicago:—"The Christmas and New Year's holidays [illegible] the people of the west have feasted and made merry, and have again settled down to accumulate 'greenbacks.' At Wood's theatre, a capital bill was prepared for the holidays. It consisted of the sparkling little comedy of 'The Rose of Castile,' with John Brougham's never-to-be-excelled 'Pocahontas.' The comedy was admirably cast, embracing Messrs. Aiken, Bradley, Little, McManus, and Mrs. Perrin. The burlesque was equally well sustained. Miss Mary Howard was good as the 'gentle savage,' Mr. Bradley quaint, jocular and original as 'Powhattan.' Mr. McManus was most excellent as 'Capt. Smith.' This gentleman is possessed of a really fine voice, and the rollicking style which he threw into the incidental music, took the audience completely by storm, and nightly elicited rounds of applause. On New Year's day and evening (Monday), the house was so crowded that hundreds were unable to gain admission. The charming *petite* comedy of 'The Lady's Battle,' was produced. Mr. Aiken appeared as DeGrignon, and gave an exquisite rendering of the semi-timid Frenchman who was so thoroughly disgusted at being 'shot without any noise.' The 'make-up' of this talented young gentleman is at all times very careful, but on this occasion it was even more so. His costume was rich, and quite the *mode* of the old *regime*. DeHarcourt was capitally sustained by Mr. McManus, who entered into the part with the greatest spirit, and his sudden changes while in interview with the Baron (Mr. Bradley), or the Countess (Mrs. Perrin), were ludicrous in the extreme. Mrs. Perrin as the vivacious, dashing, and clever Countess, was all that could be desired, and the audience seemed to enjoy the results of her stratagems in the highest degree. Mr. Bradley was most appropriately 'made up' as the Baron, and sustained the part with his usual talent. Miss Howard was tame as Leonine. Tuesday evening, Jan. 3d, was set apart for the benefit of Mr. John Dillon, the talented comedian, who was greeted with a larger audience than ever before assembled in this house. Passages and stairs were all full, and people were packed as if by contract. It was a 'bumper,' indeed. 'All that Glitters is not Gold,' and 'Handy Andy' were the pieces selected. The cast of the comedy embraced the entire strength of the company. Mr. Frank E. Aiken as Stephen; Mr. McManus, Frederick; Mr. Bradley, Jasper; Mr. Little, Sir Arthur; Mr. Dillon, Toby Twinkle; Mrs. Perrin, Martha Gibbs. The scenes, especially between Mrs. Perrin and Mr. Aiken, were most artistically rendered, and called forth the most rapturous applause. Mr. Dillon was humorous in the extreme as Toby, but where all was so excellent, it would be invidious to particularize. Mr. Dillon received a most unanimous call when the curtain fell and delivered a characteristic and feeling speech......At McVicker's theatre, Mr. Edwin Adams has been the star. His engagement at this theatre has not been so profitable as might have been anticipated, and what such a promising young actor had so much reason to expect. His audiences, though not large, were thoroughly appreciative, and were not stinted in their applause. He appeared in a varied round of characters during the week, and his personations especially of 'Macbeth,' 'Hamlet,' and 'Richard,' were without exception the finest seen on the Chicago boards for a long period. Mr. Adams has purchased the dramatization of 'Enoch Arden,' but it is doubtful if it will prove a paying speculation. However good Tennyson's poem may be, and although thousands have read it with avidity, comparatively few will care to witness it as a drama. It is true that the artistic ability of Mr. Adams in the principal part did much for the success of the piece; but it is a 'star' piece entirely, and fails to awaken the interest of the audience. Mr. J. Nagle, who is fast becoming a favorite here, gave a most natural and truthful rendering of the character of Philip Ray. It was quite evident that he had given the part the deepest study. Mrs. Anna Cowell, the leading lady, appeared as Annie Leigh, and sustained the character throughout with much ability. The other parts call for no special remarks. On the evening of Saturday, Dec. 31st, Mr. Adams closed his engagement. He opens in St. Louis on the 9th inst...... McVicker's dramatic company having emigrated to Milwaukee, Grover's opera troupe are in possession. They opened on Monday, the 2d, to a large and fashionable audience. 'Martha' was the opera selected. The cast embraced Karl Formes, Mr. Himmer, Madame Johannsen, and Mlle. Dziuba. Formes looked and acted the jolly farmer to perfection, while the rich deep tones of his fine bass voice (which is not *all* gone yet), resounded throughout every corner of the theatre. Madame Johannsen gave a most pleasing rendition of the part of the coquetish, tender 'Martha,' and sung the music most charmingly. Mlle. Dziuba gave much piquancy to the part of the lively Nancy, and sung and acted with spirit. Mr. Himmer was in excellent voice, and was admirable as Lyonel. The chorus is full and the orchestra complete. Many of the most favorite operas are underlined."

AT PIKE'S OPERA HOUSE, Cincinnati, the Florences have been playing the two last weeks to well-filled houses; the first week playing their Protean farces; last week they produced the "Ticket of Leave Man." Our correspondent "Gorgias" says—"There is decidedly more Irish than Lancashire in Billy's dialect. Mrs. Florence made the most of Emily St. Evremond. W. E. Sheridan's Hawkshaw, Garrison's Green Jones, Mrs. Barry's May Edwards, Miss Philip's Mrs. Willoughby, and La Belle Emmeline's Sam were all well worthy of mention." This week they produce the Irish drama of "Kathleen Mavourneen."

JOS. PROCTOR has been the card at Wood's Theatre, Cincinnati. He opened Dec. 26th, in "Jack Cade," playing the "Jibbenainosay" three nights, "Robbers," and "Ambition," etc. On Tuesday, Jan. 3d, he produced (for the first time in that city) the new drama of "Waiting for the Verdict." The audience returned a verdict in favor of the piece, without waiting long. The piece was well mounted, and admirably cast; the parts of Jasper Roseblade (Mr. Proctor), Jonathan Roseblade (D. E. Ralton), Lawyer Grafstone (H. B. Hudson), Blinkey Brown (S. Smith), and Jasper's Wife (Miss Adah Gray), were all admirably rendered and favored with bursts of well-deserved applause. Biz. was good. The leading lady, Miss Marian Clifton, has, for some reason, seceded from this establishment, and her place has been filled during Mr. Proctor's engagement by Miss Adah Gray, from Louisville, she has made quite a favorable impression among the Porkopolitans......This week Duffield introduces the sprightly little Maggie Mitchell who opens at Wood's on Monday evening, Jan. 9th, in "Fanchon, the Cricket."

THE "CINCINNATI MÆNNERCHOR" gave a grand operatic entertainment at Mozart Hall, in that city, on Monday evening, Jan. 2d, producing Auber's "Massaniello," with Madame Johanna Rotter in the *role* of Donna Elvira, and Christine Zavistowski as the dumb girl, Fenella. The house was a perfect jam, and everything went merry as a marriage bell.

ITALIAN OPERA IN BROOKLYN does not flourish at present. Maretzek's subscription series of opera have terminated, and a second list of subscribers is not as promptly forthcoming, only about a hundred having sent in their names within the amount of time in which the whole list of the first subscription was completed. So much for not performing according to promise. The fact is, however, despite the puffing statements of the New York dailies to the contrary, Max's opera troupe as it has stood this season, has been inadequate to the thorough representations of any important opera. Of the dozen or more of opera troupes Max collected together and "impressarioized" since he has been in this country, the one he has controlled, or supposed to have controlled, this season, has been the least effective, in our opinion. Therefore, in organizing for another season, friend Max, do make one or two important changes at least, or otherwise even your Bohemian friends won't have the cheek to back you up. These are "hard facts," Max, and you had better profit by them. We had ten times rather praise you than find fault, but the truth must be told.

AN EXTEMPORIZED OPERA TROUPE tried the experiment of giving the Brooklyn people an opera worth hearing on Thursday night, Jan. 5th, but as they depended upon the attractions of the music alone, they only elicited the attendance of those who go to the opera for opera's sake, and not fashion's dictates, consequently there were but about a hundred or two present. The presumed taste of the fashionables of Brooklyn for opera is one of the greatest fallacies out. They don't go to the opera there except to see and be seen. Not one out of twenty comprehends or appreciates the beauties of the music; in fact, to the majority its a great bore, but they submit to it because "its demned vulgar, you know," not to patronize the regular opera. The truly refined and appreciative classes of Brooklyn society are in a sad minority; they can be numbered only by the score, and not by the hundred or thousand, as they ought to be in a city professing so much piety, learning and refinement.

THE "NAIAD QUEEN" still holds its own at the Park Theatre, Brooklyn, good houses greeting each performance. The programme, however, is shortly to be changed.

THINGS THEATRICAL in the once beleaguered town of Paducah, Ky., are flourishing like a green bay horse. Our correspondent, whose letter bears date Dec. 28th, remarks:—"For the past two weeks the Athenæum Combination has been playing here to splendid business. The company comprises Mrs. Frank Graham, Annie Douglas, Sue Taylor, Minnie Hett, and Messrs. J. A. Vernon, B. C. Smith, Sam. L. Ryan, H. C. Parezo, Frank Le Clarie, W. H. Taylor, and Harry Hett. Their performances have given great satisfaction. Too much cannot be said of Mrs. Frank Graham, the leading lady and chief attraction of the combination. There are very few finer actresses now on the American stage than this lady. She acts with energy and fidelity to life, is equally at home in tragedy or comedy, sings beautifully and dances elegantly. Many of the stars of the present day are far inferior to Mrs. Graham, both in versatility and talent. The people here—both citizens and military—fairly worship her, she having made herself a favorite with them, no less by her lady-like deportment than by her exquisite renditions of character. Gen. Sol. Meredith, the commander of the post and staff, tendered her a complimentary benefit with the request that [illegible] in her truly great personation of Jessie Brown. The [illegible] on Friday evening. They have been playing [illegible] the week. Monday and Tuesday the [illegible]: Wednesday and Thursday the 'French Spy' was presented [illegible] will be the attraction. 'Hidden Hand' and 'Jessie Brown' [illegible]. Ed. S. Trover superintends the business and financial department."

MCKEAN BUCHANAN and daughter terminate their Toronto (C. W.) engagement on the 14th inst. The *Globe* of that city, of Jan. 2d, in a lengthy notice of these artistes, says: "The English version of Schiller's 'Robbers' was presented at the theatre on Saturday night. Mr. Buchanan carries the audience completely with him, and achieves the highest success which an actor can hope to obtain, viz: making the play seem more like a reality than a representation. Miss Buchanan, as Amelia, was, as usual, natural and pleasing."

THE ACADEMY OF MUSIC, Cleveland, Ohio, can be hired by travelling companies, from the present time up to the 1st of May, the theatrical company, during that period, playing elsewhere. See advertisement in another column.

YANKEE LOCKE commences an engagement at the Metropolitan, Rochester, N. Y., on the 23d. Managers wishing to secure his services will find his card in another column.

KATE FISHER commences a star engagement at the Front Street Theatre, Baltimore, Jan. 16th, opening in "Mazeppa."

"CHERRY AND FAIR STAR" is in active preparation at the Newark (N. J.) Theatre.

MISS LUCY BRADY, better known as Miss Florence, actress and balladist, died at North San Juan, Cal., Nov. 29th. She played and sang at Music Hall, Virginia City, for several months, and is said to have possessed a vocal organ of remarkable sweetness. She was only seventeen years of age.

MISS ANNETTE INCE concluded her engagement at the Willamette Theatre, Portland, Oregon, Nov. 18th, and returned to San Francisco on Dec. 6th.

MISS LOUISE DEADRICK, a young lady lately arrived in San Francisco, made her first appearance on any stage at Maguire's Opera House Dec. 5th, as Gertrude, in the "Little Treasure." Miss Deadrick is said to be petite in stature and well formed; her countenance pretty and pleasing in expression, and her voice good. One of the papers says: "She performed the character much as a school girl with a tolerable knowledge of elocution would play at a private theatrical party. It is absurd to say that the young lady evinced any talent in the part she undertook. By careful study she may in time become equal to the *role* to which, we understand, she aspires, which is that of 'walking lady.'"

MRS. SOPHIE EDWIN, who had been absent from the San Francisco boards for some time, resumed her position at Maguire's Opera House on Dec. 12th, appearing as Little Barefoot, in the sensation drama of that name.

HARRY COURTAINE has appeared on the boards of the Opera House, San Francisco.

GILBERT'S old place of amusement, corner of Clay and Kearney streets, San Francisco, has been leased by Messrs. Worrell & [illegible] and was to have been opened on Dec. 20th as a vaudeville theatre. The chief attraction will be the Worrell Sisters, supported by an efficient stock company, Henry Coad as stage manager.

THE METROPOLITAN THEATRE, San Francisco, was closed on Dec. 7th, for the purpose of facilitating the rehearsal of "Paradise Lost." A Mr. Hoffman opened this establishment early in November, but he caved in. Ostensibly, the Metropolitan was sailing along serenely, with fair weather and good financial soundings, when it struck a hidden rock, lurched, and went under with all on board, including the "Poor Girl." Internal troubles may be set down as the true cause of the disaster. Rumor has it that the company struck the managerial "bed-rock," and finding that it didn't "pan out" according to their expectations, they forthwith ceased from "prospecting" and abandoned the lead. Such is the mineralogical version of the burst up. Hoffman is said to be a *non est* man. The receipts under his management are reported to have amounted to $38,000, $36,000 of which were swallowed up in expenses, leaving him $2,000 ahead and the company a week's salary behind.

THE DRAMATIC COMPANY lately performing at the Metropolitan, San Francisco, was to have inaugurated a dramatic season at the American Theatre in that city on Dec. 12th.

THE BINGHAMPTON, N. Y., ACADEMY OF MUSIC was opened on Saturday evening, Dec. 31st, with the following company: W. J. Coggswell, J. Coggswell, Willie Ware, Frank Nelson, W. H. Morris, C. Carr, W. G. Easton, J. J. Carner, J. J. Collins, G. A. Sawin, J. F. Ward, S. Abbott, Mrs. Rachel Cantor, Florence La Fond, Maggie Freill, Louise Tabor, and Marie Clive, under the management of George Coon, with W. G. Easton as stage manager. "The Lady of Lyons" and "Mr. and Mrs. Peter White" were the opening pieces. The building was formerly a church, and large additions were made and completed, it is said, at considerable expense. It is plain but neat, its pure white being relieved by its trimmings, finished in the highest style of art.

AN ITALIAN OPERA SEASON was inaugurated Dec. 12th at the Academy of Music, San Francisco, with George T. Evans as conductor. Signor and Signora Bianchi, Jenny Kempton, and others were in the company. "Norma" was the first opera given, to be followed by "Il Trovatore" and "Lucrezia Borgia."

DUPREZ & GREEN'S MINSTRELS put in the three last days of the old year at Weiting Hall, Syracuse, N. Y., where and when they did a most excellent business, and had large audiences each evening. On the 2d and 3d they were at Oswego, where the most satisfactory success again attended them. On the 4th inst. they gave the people of Fulton, N. Y., an opportunity to listen to their pleasing performances. On the 7th they visited Saratoga Springs, and on the 9th were to open in Troy for four nights, and at Albany on the 13th for three nights. Mr. C. A. Boyd, their musical director, is quite sick, we are sorry to hear, and has been compelled to retire from the company on that account, leaving his place vacant; consequently, Manager Duprez advertises for some one to fill the vacancy in another part of this paper.

WE DON'T KNOW which of the two is making the most money in Brooklyn, brother Hooley, of minstrel fame, or brother Beecher, of church renown. The latter, whose salary has been $7,500, has just had it raised to $12,500, being a standing jump of $5,000. The reserved seats in Plymouth Church were sold at auction a week or two since, and brought higher prices than they ever did before. Brother Hooley's prices remain the same, there being no necessity to deviate from the old rule. Hooley's Minstrels have certainly met with remarkable success in Brooklyn, and we have an idea that large as brother Beecher's salary is, brother Hooley's income is greater, so large are the gains in the dark shades of business affairs. Mr. Hooley joins Mr. Campbell in the management of the Opera House in the Bowery next week. He is a good business man, understands how to drill and keep in order his forces, and studies the tastes of his patrons by giving them fresh programmes and new acts. We hope his success in this city will prove as great as it is and has been in Brooklyn.

MANAGER WILLARD is up for a benefit on the 13th inst. at the Howard Athenæum, Boston.

"HOW SHE LOVES HIM" has been produced at the Boston Museum. It will be kept on the bills this week.

THE TREMONT THEATRE, Boston, commenced a new season last week under the management of Messrs. Cooper and Howard. It appears to have been successful so far. This is certainly flattering, when the difficulty of getting talent between seasons is considered. The drama of "The Lone House on the Bridge of Notre Dame" was the attraction. This week Mr. and Mrs. William Gomersall, two clever English *artistes*, are engaged, and appear in "Waiting for the Verdict.

ROUSE'S DRAMATIC COMPANY re-opens Brant's Hall, Harrisburg, Pa., on the 16th inst.

AT WHEELING, VA., a dramatic company was performing last week under the management of Mr. Raymond. The season closes on the 4th, with a benefit to Mr. Langley, one of the members of the company, The troupe went to Parkersburg, and intends returning to Wheeling on the 23d inst.

"THE DREAM OF DESTINY" is now in the third week of its representation at the Howard Athenæum, Boston. It is said to be the most sensational drama that has been produced in that city for many years. So great has been its success, that manager Willard has copyrighted the title. Mr. Willard's next novelty will be a drama entitled "Money and Misery, or High Crime and Low Crime," which is said to be as thrilling if not "thriller" than the "Destiny."

MISS KATE REIGNOLDS takes a benefit on Friday evening, 13th inst., at the Boston Museum, playing Mrs. Oakley and Widow Cheerly in the "Jealous Wife" and the "Soldier's Daughter."

CAMPBELL'S AND CASTLE'S ENGLISH OPERA TROUPE appear at Mansard Hall, Oswego, N. Y., on the 12th inst. The following compose the company: Fanny Stockton, Fanny Riddle, Georgia Fowler, Emma Lee, S. C. Campbell, W. Birch, W. White, J. Clark and Wm. Skatts.

THAT SAVANNAH theatrical speculation, referred to in our last, hangs fire. We have received a second letter from Jacob Elson, who advertised for a company, in which he informs us that he is sick, in one of the army hospitals, and is therefore unable to attend to business. We have sent him quite a number of letters in reply to his card. There are several gentlemen who would like an opportunity to open the Savannah Theatre, and who would start at once for that city if they could get transportation. In the mean time, we hope that "one of your first-class dramatic actors" may soon be upon his pins again.

THE WEBB SISTERS have been meeting with success in Nashville, where, for the past three weeks, they have been drawing excellent audiences to the new theatre. The "Ticket of Leave Man" was produced during their engagement, Miss Emma appearing as Bob Brierly, and Adah as Sam Willoughby. After the second act of this play on Friday evening, Dec. 30th, Manager Allen appeared before the curtain accompanied by Miss Emma, and presented that lady with a beautiful mother-of-pearl box, containing a *five hundred-dollar greenback!* On the lid of the box was engraved—"To Miss Emma Webb, as a testimonial of appreciation of her admirable qualities as a lady and an *artiste*, from her many friends." Miss Emma received the munificent gift with a neat and elegant speech.

MAD. METHUA SCHELLER is at the Holliday-street Theatre, Baltimore. She is to appear in the extremely simple character of Annie Lee, in "Enoch Arden." The play is done by Mme. Julie de Marguerittes. The plot, we are informed, is rather meagre for a five-act play; but Mr. Hall, the stage manager, has given it a great deal of substance by introducing plenty of songs and a very novel dance. Annie Lee also has two songs. To judge by the rehearsal, the affair will go off with *eclat* and make a pleasing hit. Mme. Scheller has had rather short notice to study the part. She received it last Thursday morning, the same day she started for Baltimore, and on Friday she had the first rehearsal. This is rather steep work for an actress not yet fully acquainted with all the idioms of the language, but we believe she will acquit herself finely of the task. Mr. Wheelock, a clever actor, will enact the part of Enoch Arden. The scenery is prepared by Mr. Getz with special care. It may be that Mme. Scheller will appear in one of her own characters in the course of her engagement there. Mr. Rosewald, the leader of the orchestra there, has composed a very fine song for Mme. Scheller.

FRANK CHANFRAU has been performing at the Metropolitan, Indianapolis. Our correspondent, "Bontelle," writes thusly under date of Jan. 4:—"He is greeted by a crowded house every night. He will remain with us during the balance of this week, and then make room for another. As I stated in my last, the 'Ticket-of-Leave Man' was the bill for Wednesday evening, Dec. 28th. The piece was well put upon the stage, with all of the original scenery, music, etc. Mr. Chanfrau's Robert Brierly was excellent. His whole conception, movement and gesture were studied, and showed that he is an able actor. The other characters, with one or two exceptions, were well performed. The 'Ticket-of-Leave Man' was repeated on Thursday evening......Friday morning, the sale of tickets to Grover's Opera commenced, and in less than three hours every good seat in the house was engaged. I stated in my last, that Mr. Chanfrau had consented to give up one night of his engagement, in order to let Mr. Grover's Opera Troupe give us a taste of their grand style of pleasing the people. At an early hour in the evening, the folks commenced wending their way towards the Metropolitan, and by the time the doors were opened for admittance, an immense crowd had assembled. A perfect jam succeeded the opening of the doors: plug hats were annihilated, crinoline brought to a dilapidated condition, favorite corns trampled upon, and things mussed up generally. The programme was somewhat changed from what I gave you last week, for reasons unknown to the subscriber. 'Faust' was the attraction on Friday evening. Saturday, 31st, the opera 'Stradella' was the bill for the *matinee*. The house was jammed full. Saturday evening, Mr. Chanfrau resumed his stand as star, coming out as Wool in the 'Hidden Hand'; the whole thing was rather a fizzle—Wool being the only fair thing about it, and it was not exactly Mr. Chanfrau's 'forte.' Monday evening, the 2d, 'Colleen Bawn' was produced, and it is having quite a successful run, from the fact that it has been performed to well-filled houses, and is the bill for to-night. Mr. Chanfrau, as Myles Na Coppaleen, was all that could be expected from him in such a part. Mrs. Riley performed the part of Eily O'Connor in a very praiseworthy manner. The balance of the cast did ample justice to their respective parts."

THE MARTINETTI TROUPE closed a two weeks' engagement at the Holliday, Baltimore, with a complimentary benefit to Paul Martinetti.

THE PAST two weeks at the Front Street Theatre, Baltimore, has been devoted to the fairy spectacle piece entitled "Cherry and Fair Star," and will run and still hold the board for another week. Mrs. Ada Kunkle and La Belle Melville are well received in their double duet, and applause greets them nightly.

J. W. LANERGAN'S dramatic company was at the Athenæum, Dubuque, Iowa, last week. "Ingomar" was produced on the 3d, and on the 4th "Richard the Third" was on the bills.

A COPY of Boucicault's "Octoroon" is wanted. See advertisement.

LUCILLE WESTERN gave an "East Lynne" *matinee* at the Academy of Music, Philadelphia, on the 7th, to one of the largest audiences ever seen in that house, the ticket-seller being unable to supply tickets fast enough, and money had to be taken at the door. She closed her successful engagement at the Walnut on the same evening.

THE DAVENPORT AND WALLACK COMBINATION are at the Walnut, Philadelphia, commencing on the 9th inst.

THE WARREN COMEDY COMBINATION are in their second and last week at the New Chestnut, Philadelphia......A benefit is to be given Jos. C. Foster at this house on the 11th, when, in addition to the Warren party, Miss Lucille Western will appear.

MR. AND MISS RICHINGS are at the Arch Street Theatre, Philadelphia, succeeding John S. Clarke, whose engagement came to an end on the 7th inst.

A GLANCE at the amusement bills with which Pittsburgh was posted during the holidays, was sufficient to assure "country cousins" that managers spared no pains to produce novelties of unusual interest for them, and *nolens volens* they went and literally packed every place in the city. Our correspondent "Idaho" says:—At the theatre, business has been immense. On Monday, the 2d, there were two performances of the "Naiad Queen" and the "Daughter of the Union;" it was the largest *matinee* I have yet seen inside of the Old Drury, and think Manager Henderson could have a paying house if he would give a *matinee* every Saturday afternoon. The "Naiad Queen" was repeated on the 3d and 4th to good houses, with the same afterpiece. The cast of the "Naiad Queen" was well distributed. Miss Annie Eberle, as Sir Rupert the Fearnaught, was really grand; Mr. J. Sefton, as Baptist, was also good, and brought down the house with his witty sayings and palpable hits; the balance of the "Mortals" were passable, with nothing to brag of except Mr. Jas. Dickson as Rinaldo, Mr. Wentworth as Rodolpho, and Mr. F. Chippendale as Baron of Lockhousen. Lurline, Queen of the Naiads, by Mrs. C. J. Foster (a new engagement), was excellent; in the rendition of this character she is truly great, and if we are to take it as a sample of her acting, she will pass. Idex, by Mrs. Jas. Dickson, was disposed of in her usual dashing, spirited way, and took like hot cakes, especially her singing. Bridget, by Mrs. J. Sylvester, was favorably rendered, and created considerable merriment. Amphibio, by Mr. Harry Lewis, was also good, but the traps did not work exactly right, and of course that spoiled considerable of the effect. On the 5th we had the last rendition this season of the ever popular drama, "Uncle Tom's Cabin," to a crowded house, and to-night, 6th, Miss Annie Eberlie takes a benefit, and will, undoubtedly, have a bumper, as she is a great favorite. The pieces offered are "Joan of Arc, or the Maid of Orleans," with Miss Eberlie as the Maid of Orleans, with the popular Drama of "Rory O'More" for the afterpiece, J. O. Sefton as Rory, and Miss Eberlie as Kathleen; the Buffalo Boys have volunteered their services for the occasion, and will give one of their artistic clog dances; also, Master Wells, who will give a Classic Jig, and Miss Ida Duval in one of her charming ballads......I regret to state that this establishment has lost one of its popular leading men, Mr McKee Rankin, and think manager Henderson will find some difficulty in finding one to fill the vacancy. Mr. Rankin is playing now in Albany, having been offered a better engagement.... Mr. Neafie will put in an appearance on Monday, the 9th.

WE LEARN that Mrs. Eddy, wife of Mr. E. Eddy, tragedian, and at present associate-manager of the St. Charles Theatre, New Orleans, died in that city on the 28th Dec. Her remains will be brought to this city for interment. Mrs. Eddy was a Miss Mathews, and, at the time of her marriage with Eddy, was playing Second Chambermaids; she, however, advanced in the profession after her marriage, and played many leading characters. Her father was an English actor and played heavy business and old men in many of our first-class theatres—among the rest, the Walnut street, Philadelphia. Her sister was also on the stage, and played the singing business. She married a Mr. Brunton, a vocalist and actor,

MR. A. MACFARLAND leased the Opera House in Columbus, Ohio, for three months from the third day of November last, with the privilege of continuing as much longer as it proved profitable. Business of late has been so bad that even the celebrated Laura Keene Combination have not drawn expenses, consequently the manager has concluded to close the place after the 14th of this month. Mr. Macfarland wishes to say that all stars engaged by him will please take note accordingly, as it is impossible for them or him to make a dollar in Columbus this season, unless times change for the better......Ellsler opens the place on the 16th.

THE THEATRE at Rock Island, Ill., closed Dec. 27th, under F. J. Wildman's management, and re-opened Dec. 31st, with O. B. Brice as manager.

THE METROPOLITAN THEATRE, Davenport, Iowa, is closed.

OF PHILADELPHIA THEATRICALS, our correspondent "Lucifer," in his letter dated Jan. 8th, discourseth as follows: Miss Lucille Western concluded her three months' engagement on Saturday evening, 7th, appearing as Thisbe, in "The Spy of St. Mars," and Naramattah, in the "Wept-of-the-Wish-ton-Wish," to a densely crowded house. The chief attraction during the latter part of Miss Western's engagement has been her excellent performance of the "French Spy," and Mrs. Garretson, the lessee, is no doubt very sorry to be obliged to part with such a universal favorite as Lucille Western. Monday, the Davenport-Wallack Alliance commence an engagement, producing the "Iron Mask." Leon De Bourbon, J. W. Wallack; Rochefort, E. L. Davenport; Hortense De Piermont, Rose Eytinge, who was substituted for Mrs. Farren. Tuesday, E. L. Davenport will appear as "Hamlet." Wednesday, "The King of the Commons"....At the Arch, Clarke concluded his long and successful engagement on the 7th, and on Monday, Miss Caroline and Peter Richings will appear in "The Child of the Regiment." Stuart Robson, who has been starring for some weeks past, will appear as Mr. Peter White, in the farce of "Mr. and Mrs. Peter White," after the opera. "Stella, the Enchantress," will be produced during Miss Richings' engagement......The Warren Comedy Combination appeared at the Chestnut all last week in standard pieces, meeting with great success. "The School for Scandal," "The Poor Gentleman," "London Assurance," "The Heir at Law," "Sweethearts and Wives," and "The Rivals," were beautifully performed. Wm. Warren, as Sir Harcourt Courtley, Billy Lackaday and Bob Acres, was excellent, while his Dr. Ollipod, Dr. Pangloss, and Sir Peter Teazle, are personations not to be surpassed by any actor of the present day. Miss Josephine Orton is a clever soubrette actress, nothing more; so, as Lady Teazle, and Lady Gay Spanker she was totally out of her element. In the farce of "Betsey Baker," which was given on Saturday evening, 7th, Miss Orton as Betsey was capital. Charles Barrow's performances were clever, though I think his Dazzle was the best. Miss Mestayer is an excellent actress, and as Miss Lucretia MacTab ("Poor Gentleman"), Mrs. Mallaprop ("Rivals") and Lady Duberly ("Heir at Law"), was admirable. Mr. H. S. Murdock, of the stock company, played excellently well throughout the week; his Charles Courtley, Charles Franklin, and Sir Lucius O'Trigger were excellent. Mordaunt gave us a good Joseph Surface on Tuesday evening, but it is very hard for Mordaunt to perform a gentleman. Miss Effie Germon appeared on Thursday evening as Grace Harkaway, and performed her part just as it should be performed; gracefully, archly and with simplicity—Monday, the combination repeat "Heir At Law." A testimonial benefit will be given to Mr. Joseph C. Proctor on Wednesday afternoon, Jan. 11th, for which occasion Miss Lucille Western, Mr. Wm. Warren, Miss Orton, Mr. Charles Barron, Miss Mestayer, Mr. Mordaunt, Miss Germon and many artistes, musicians, and employees of the Arch, Walnut, and Chestnut Street Theatres have volunteered, by permission of their respective managers, their services.

Negro Minstrelsy.

TOMMY PEEL, having challenged Otto Burbank for the Champion Belt, now in Burbank's possession in San Francisco, Burbank has accepted the challenge, and the trial was to have taken place on Dec. 15th, at Maguire's Opera House. The belt to be danced for is the one which Billy Sheppard, Otto Burbank and Tommy Peel danced for at the Metropolitan on the evening of Aug. 12, 1864, and was won by Burbank, for superiority in jig dancing.

SKIFF AND GAYLORD'S MINSTRELS perform at Utica, N. Y., on the 10th, Oswego 12th, and Syracuse 14th and 16th.

F. B. ISAACS, late of Wood's Minstrels, arrived in California early in December, and was to have made his debut at the Eureka Minstrel Hall, San Francisco, on Dec. 12th. He took Simonson's place.

NED TURNER and his protege, Master Tommy, one of the smallest clog dancers in the business, can be secured by managers of minstrel bands. See advertisement.

SKIFF & GAYLORD'S MINSTRELS appear at Doolittle Hall, Oswego, N. Y., on the 12th inst.

"THE OIL BOBBER" is one of the acts presented at Carncross & Dixey's Opera House, Philadelphia, this week. Carncross & Dixey's Minstrels will have the field to themselves after this week, the other troupes retiring in disgust.

A CORRESPONDENT complains that minstrel companies bill the place to show in Fulton, N. Y., and then only give half a show, or, in other words, divide their companies, playing half in one town and half in another. It isn't right, that's certain. Give the people all that is promised, and they will come again. If you humbug them, they will cut all shows.

NEWCOMB'S MINSTRELS opened at Melodeon Hall, Cincinnati, on Monday evening, Jan. 2d, to a stunning house, and were billed for all this week. W. W. Newcomb, F. Kritis, G. Calafsas, Chas. Palmer, W. Plumer, J. F. Bemmbe, F. Fell, J. H. Baynes) R. A. Hudson, J. Green, Tom Baker, J. Crosher, Young Hengler, J. Gallic, Oak Barret, Roberts and Little Tommy comprise the troupe.

LEON & KELLY'S MINSTRELS did a fair business during the holidays in Chicago.

CHRISTY'S MINSTRELS are still in Chicago; such has been their success that they have concluded to stay a few weeks longer.

THE CHESTNUT-STREET OPERA HOUSE (Moran's Minstrels), Philadelphia, closed last week, in consequence of bad business.

S. S. SANFORD has closed his minstrel hall in Race street, Philadelphia, and is now with Sam Sharpley's Iron-clads, he having purchased an interest in that party. Mr. Sanford expended considerable money in fitting up the old Olympic, but the place proved a failure.

SAM SHARPLEY'S IRON-CLADS have been marching along down among the New Englanders during the past week. On the 6th inst. the boys were at Haverhill, Mass., and performed at the Town Hall for that night only, the citizens of that place still holding on to the old blue law of not allowing Saturday night performances. The Iron-clads were obliged to leave the State of Massachusetts and go to Exeter, N. H., on the 7th inst., and on the 9th inst. the party was to re-enter Massachusetts at Amesbury Mills, which is an excellent show town, there being several cotton and woolen mills in full operation, employing a regular army of male and female operatives who are all fond of amusement. The route ahead of this party is as follows: Salem, Mass., 11th; Taunton, 12th; New Bedford, 13th and 14th; and next week commence operations at Providence, thence to Worcester, Springfield, Hartford and New Haven. Sam Sanford, the veteran manager, is now with this company.

SKIFF & GAYLORD'S MINSTRELS & BRASS BAND held forth three nights last week at Rand's Hall, Troy. Howard is pronounced a good end man, and a very funny comedian. "Bonto," our correspondent, says—"Gaylord is not up to the standard as a funny man. The clog dancing by Ward and Delehanty was good; but I think Dick Sands and Tim Hayes can beat them. Take the show for all in all, it was a very good one—as good as they will average."

Music Halls.

THE PALACE VARIETIES, Cincinnati, continue to draw crowded houses; they present a first-class bill of "fair."

S. S. SANFORD has sold his opera house in Harrisburg, Pa., to Judge Murray, who will continue to lease it as a music hall. Judge Murray was the owner of the ground.

THE OXFORD HALL OF MUSIC, Washington, now ranks among the first-class music halls of the United States. The public of Washington, as well as strangers visiting the capital, flock there in vast numbers to enjoy the really first-class entertainment given there. Kathleen O'Neil, during her present engagement, has added many more to her numerous admirers. Tim Hayes closed a successful engagement last week; it is rumored that Dick Sands and himself are going to join partnership; if such is the case, they will make a capital double team. Hughey Doughery, Barry Carter, M'me Marzetti, Mons. Antonio, Kate Harrison and J. M. Mortimer are among the company at the Oxford. Miss Ada Tesman commences here this week, and the great monster concert, with Dougherty *a la* Julian, is underlined. As will be seen from the advertisement, Fox, Curran & Norris are always open to make engagements with first-class talent to play in Washington and Philadelphia, and performers who want good-paying, steady engagements should bear this in mind.

MR. ALLINSON, of Philadelphia, and late manager of the Continental Theatre and Chestnut Street Opera House, in that city, has leased the New Canterbury Music Hall, New Orleans, and will reopen it next week, in conjunction with Mr. Wood, as a first-class concert hall. All the minstrel party lately performing at the Chestnut Street Opera House, except Frank Moran and E. Bowers, have been engaged.

MR. R. FOX, of the Casino, Philadelphia, sailed for Europe in the Africa, on Wednesday. He visits the old country to receive a thumping legacy, we are informed, which has been laying at interest. In his absence, Mr. Dick O'Neil will superintend the arrangements at the Casino.

UNCLE JAMES PILGRIM'S comic pantomime has been such a success at the Casino, Philadelphia, that it will remain on the bills till further notice. Add Weaver, Larry Tooley and Billy Boyd get out, and George Warren, Joe Childs and G. W. Murray get in.

MANAGER SMYTHE, of Trimble's Varieties, Pittsburgh, was in Philadelphia last week, in search of talent.

THE CANTERBURY, Washington, had a strong addition to its forces last week. Among the new-comers for public approval were Annetta Galletti *danseuse;* Leon Chenet, dancer; W. A. Wray, the versatile performer; John Mulligan, Ethiopian comedian, and M'lle Delphine, who is styled the great torpedo-jig *danseuse.* This week, the new pantomime, which has been in preparation for some time, will be produced. Mr. Charles Covelli will introduce the "Horned Quagga," captured in the wilds of Southern Africa, and said to be the only one brought to this country.

BILLY HOLMES, the old Pittsburgh favorite, who is never let off with less than fifteen or twenty songs a night, instead of the three he is cast for, and Mr. W. H. Lester, a contortionist, made their appearance at Fred Aims' Melodeon, Pittsburgh, on the 2d, and were loudly received, especially "Billy," who, upon appearing, wished all a "Happy New Year," and promised plenty of new songs.

GEO. L. RALL, balladist, commenced operations at Sanford's Opera House, Harrisburg, Pa., on the 4th inst.

EMMA SPARKS joined the forces at the Canterbury, Harrisburg, Pa., last week.

JOE WILLIAMS, formerly of St. Louis, has opened the Metropolitan Theatre, Sacramento, Cal., as a music hall.

BISHOP'S VARIETIES at Chattanooga is doing well. They have been giving a little of the "legitimate." In the company are the following performers: Lottie Howland, Mrs W. Scott, Sig. Constantine, W. Scott, Add Ryman, Eddie Fox, Ned Straight, Frank Gerard, W. T. Bush, Johnny Murphy, Bob Lindley and Johnny Hammond. On Dec. 26th, "The French Spy," in pantomime, was performed.

BISHOP'S VARIETIES, at Chattanooga, Tenn., is doing well; notwithstanding the din of battle has been holding sway there the past five weeks, Hood's army being in the immediate neighborhood. "Jack Sheppard" and the "French Spy" were performed during the week ending Dec. 31st. Sig. Constantine has joined the company. The dramas of the "Wept of the Wish-ton-Wish" and the "Dumb Man of Manchester" were to be performed last week.

Circuses.

THE CIRCUS at the National, Cincinnati, closed Dec. 31st, owing to poor business; but Rumor says it is to be shortly opened by Mad. Macarte.

FRANK HOWES & Co.'s CIRCUS, when in Nashville, lately, had all their ring stock seized by the government and pressed into service. They were recovered shortly after. The company was at Beaver Dam, Wis., on the 30th December.

S. O. WHEELER'S INTERNATIONAL CIRCUS in Boston, has thus far done well. It meets, it is said, a want that had long been felt in that city. The company, as at present engaged, consists of Eaton Stone, Joe Pentland, Frank Whittaker, Sam Stickney, the Denzer Brothers, the Showles Family, and others.

THE NATIONAL, Cincinnati, under the management of Fred. Bailey & Co., closed on Jan. 4th. The season was "stale, flat and unprofitable," although it opened under exceedingly favorable auspices. The lease has been transferred to Madame Macarte and Jimmy Reynolds, who were to commence the new experiment Monday evening, Jan 9th. The new firm is backed by a well-off individual of the Jewish persuasion, himself once a member of the scenic fraternity. They have engaged a feature, or features, in the shape of Willis Cobb's performing horse "Fred. Hunt," and his educated family of dogs and goats. The former, besides being a magnificent specimen of the equine race, is said to be one of the best trained animals that ever entered a ring, not excepting Dan Rice's "Excelsior." We hear that Cobb intends starting a show himself in the Spring.

ROBINSON is busily engaged preparing for the next travelling season, and Lake is in Cincinnati on the same business. L. B. Lent was daily expected, to make preparation for the coming campaign. He will make his start from Cincinnati about the 1st of April.

Miscellaneous.

VANDENHOFF gave "A Chat on English Bulls" at Lafayette Hall, Pittsburgh, on the 4th, and was greeted with a large and fashionable audience.

THE famous Ethno-Soterian was billed to open at Masonic Hall, Pittsburgh, on the 9th.

RUFUS SCHERRY'S Combination Troupe closed at Pittsburg on the 4th; it continued to draw good houses during their stay.

ARTEMUS WARD, after a brilliant two weeks' stay at the Melodeon, Boston, gave his farewell entertainment there on the 7th inst. For two weeks the Melodeon was crowded to repletion every night to hear "Arte" talk Mormonism, and to witness his pictorial illustrations of that country. Artemus is in Providence this week.

FATHER KEMP'S OLD FOLKS were billed to sing at Mansard Hall, Oswego, N. Y., on the 10th inst.

THEY are in want of good amusements in Hartford, Ct., according to the following "brief" from a correspondent in that place. He says—"Send us Hartfordians some amusements. We pine for them. We want good actors. We will crowd our big hall every night if they will come. We want first-class minstrels. We will give them apples of gold on faces of shinplasters when they appear in our midst. We have only six wards in our city, and we want that comical Artemus to make it seven. 'Come one—come all,' which words are quoted from W. Scott's..... I dropped into Mat. Hewins' saloon the other night, and saw Hubbell, our Champion, play a game of billiards. He slings a nasty cue."

WHITTOW THE POLYPHONIST has been making glad the hearts of the people in the good old State of Connecticut. Last week he visited Danbury, Norwalk, Bridgeport and Mystic. At the close of the performance in Bridgeport, he was waited upon by a party of prominent citizens of the place, and requested to give another entertainment, but engagements ahead prevented a compliance with the request. One feature of this humorist is, that he changes his text nightly, thus adapting his characters to the locality where he may be performing, so that wherever he may appear, his acts are new, and his sayings original and well adapted. Mr. A. B. Palmer arranges the preliminary business of the concern, and Harry Butler does not let an opportunity slip of keeping the entertainment before the people.

SPAFF HIMAN, magician, juggler and ventriloquist, performs at the Town Hall, Pottsville, Pa., on Monday and Tuesday evening, Jan. 9th and 10th. Dr. J. A. Clark is his agent.

ALF HOWARD, in conjunction with Martini Chiriaki, was performing at Newark, Ohio, on the 4th inst., and was to go thence to Mount Vernon, Zanesville, Mansfield, Bucyrus, Fort Wayne and Indianapolis.

HEWITT'S NEW HALL at Ypsilanti, Mich., will be opened by a Grand Musical Entertainment on January 12th, by Prof. H. S. Pease. The hall will seat 800 people.

PROF. A. RYAN, of Texas, gave his Dramatic Readings and Lecture before the Amphictyon Society, Hillsdale, Mich., on December 28th.

A NEW HALL is in progress of erection in Adrian, Mich. It will be completed the coming Spring.

THE ALLEGHANIANS, vocalists and Swiss Bell Ringers, appear at Bryan Hall, Chicago, on Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday evenings, Jan. 16th, 17th and 18th. "We come to the friends we've met before," is the heading of their advertisement in the Chicago papers.

THE CARTER ZOUAVE TROUPE terminated a week's business at Odd Fellows Hall, Memphis, Tenn., Dec. 31. Although "biz" paid, yet it was not what it might have been, as times are very dull there, owing to there being so little trade.....Zoe was at the theatre playing to anything but good "biz." The manager of the theatre made Mr. Carter a proposition to join them, and with Zoe to produce the "Naiad Queen." They did so, and opened on the 2d to a crowded house. The house will hold $1,000, and there could not have been much less than that in.

ROSEN'S "SABAT MATER" will be performed by the Handel and Haydn Society, of Philadelphia, on Friday evening, Feb. 10. Mrs. Mozart, of New York, Miss J. O'Connell, Mr. Charles M. Schmitz, (the present able leader of the Germania orchestra,) and Mr. A. E. Taylor, being engaged.

WALDRON'S HALL, Hillsdale, Mich., seats six hundred people, rent only $5 per night. The hall is attached to the Waldron House, one of the finest hotels in the country.

THE GREAT MILTONIAN "PARADISE LOST," says a correspondent, under the able management of Col. W. W. Warren, has met with unbounded success in the West. It was at Young Men's Hall, Detroit, during the Christmas Holidays. Dr. Nute is said to be one of the best lecturers travelling, and in his eloquent delineations of the painting, calls forth the admiration of all who hear him. Col Warren will visit Cincinnati, Columbus, Philadelphia, &c., prior to opening in New York city.

SAWYER'S HALL, Geneseo, Ill., is one of the best and most capacious halls for concerts, exhibitions, etc., in that part of the country. Geneseo has a population of 3500, and being but 160 miles west of Chicago, on the Chicago and Rock Island R. R., it is considered a first class show town. Managers of troupes, etc., should not give it the go by. For address of proprietor of sawyer's Hall, etc., see advertisement.

"DAVIS' GREAT ALLIANCE," twenty-four performers, gave two nights at Metropolitan Theatre, in Frankfort, Ky., Dec. 30th and 31st, to jammed houses, a correspondent says, who adds: "They are pronounced the best troupe who have ever visited Frankfort. The "Alliance" go from here to Lexington, for one week, opening Jan. 2d, thence to Covington, Cincinnati, Columbus, Dayton, Terre Haute, Lafayette, Indianapolis, New Albany and Louisville, where they will doubtless remain during the balance of the winter. The company consists of the following: J. L. Davis, Lewis Walters, Billy Watson, Frank Glass, Chas. W. Straight, Johnny Curry, S. M. Constantine, August Glass, J. B. Murphy, A. G. Cooper, Master Charlie, Johnny Cole, W. D. Daniels, C. H. O'Neil, Prof. H. H. Burton, Harry Blood, J. R. Roberts, John C. Morris, Frank Newhall, James Kenny, Sig. Rinaldo, James Newhall, M'lle Carolista, and Lizzie Louise Davis. Most of the company composed the organization known recently as "Ryan & Calhoun's Minstrels," having left the old management on account of the nonfulfilment of obligations, etc. J. B. Murphy is stage-manager, W. R. Hayden agent, and J. L. Davis manager, late proprietor of the Olympic Theatre, Philadelphia.

"PARADISE LOST" may be found at Corinthian Hall, Rochester, N. Y., this week, commencing Jan. 9th.

GOUGH'S SPECIALITY, "Temperance," was elucidated by Mr. G., on the 6th, at Corinthian Hall, Rochester. What the lecturer doesn't know about drinking isn't worth knowing.

THE BLAISDELL TROUPE OF BELL-RINGERS appeared at the Academy of Music, San Francisco, on the off nights of the Italian Opera, commencing Dec. 13th.

A COMBINATION was formed in San Francisco on Dec. 12th, comprising the Blaisdell troupe of Swiss Bell Ringers, Miss Jenny Kempton, Wm. Hayward and Hitle Clara Jenkins, and was to appear at the Academy of Music, Dec. 13th.

THE ELLINGER & FOOTE COMBINATION was to be at Hollidaysburgh, Pa., on the 9th and 10th inst., thence to Johnstown on the 11th and 12th, Greensburgh, Pa., 13th and 14th, and Pittsburgh from the 16th to the 28d. W. B. Harrison, the comic singer, is with this party once more.

THE MELODEON, Baltimore, for the past week has been devoted to a two act drama, the 'Belle of Baltimore, or from the Altar to the Dissecting Table." On Monday will be produced Fitzsimmons' great moral drama entitled the "Female Pickpocket." On the same evening, Jan. 9th, Charlie Kane and Addie Johnson make their first appearance.

GEMOTE PALACE, Baltimore, changed hands, Mr. Chris Leitbecker having disposed of the establishment to Mr. Bob Edwards, Ethiopian Comedian. The following is a list of the performers: Millie Isabel, danseuse; Tilly Forbes, vocalist and danseuse; Anna Elmore, vocalist; Ned Banker, champion bone soloist; Geo. Edwards, Ethiopian comedian; Geo. Kemble, balladist; Mort Williams, wench dancer; Geo. Thatcher, Frank Berger, stage managers. On the 7th, Miss Julia Edwards, vocalist and comedienne, made her first appearance, and was well received. On the 9th, Bob Edwards, the old Baltimore favorite, will appear.

FANNY CHAPMAN, danseuse at the Melodeon, Baltimore, has taken farewell leave of the stage at the request of her husband.

THAT GREAT SENSATIONAL GYMNAST, M. John Denier, will be disengaged after the 14th inst., and will then be prepared to negotiate with managers. His feats on the tight rope are of the most daring character, and his new act on the Three Flying Trapezes is highly spoken of, and draws immensely. See M. Denier's advertisement in another column.

AMUSEMENTS.

NIBLO'S GARDEN. Begins at 7½, Concludes at 10½.
Lessee and Manager.....WM. WHEATLEY
SECOND WEEK AND BRILLIANT SUCCESS
of the
GREAT IRISH DRAMA
entitled
THE SHAMROCK,
written expressly for
MR. AND MRS. BARNEY WILLIAMS,
and produced
AFTER MONTHS OF PREPARATION,
AND THE MOST LAVISH EXPENDITURE.
MR. BARNEY WILLIAMS as.....PAT MALLOY.
With the song of "Pat Malloy."
MRS. BARNEY WILLIAMS as.....MAGGIE.
ENTIRE STRENGTH OF THE COMPANY IN THE CAST.
SPLENDID SCENERY
BEAUTIFUL MUSIC,
COMPLETE APPOINTMENTS,
STARTLING SITUATIONS,
INTRICATE MECHANICAL EFFECTS,
ELABORATE FURNITURE,
ALL NEW.
Seats secured six days in advance.

BARNUM'S AMERICAN MUSEUM.
THIRD WEEK OF THE GORGEOUS SPECTACLE,
PERFORMED TO
CROWDED HOUSES WITH BRILLIANT SUCCESS.
EVERY AFTERNOON AT 3, EVENING AT 7½,
RING OF FATE;
OR,
FIRE, AIR, EARTH, AND WATER.
Previous to which in the AFTERNOON,
THE TAILOR OF TAMWORTH,
And in the EVENING, the Yankee Farce,
THE VERMONT WOOL DEALER.
First appearance of the celebrated Clogist,
TIM HAYES.
MORNING AT 11,
THE LIMERICK BOY.
ANOTHER MAMMOTH FAT WOMAN,
Mrs. Battersby, weighing nearly Seven Hundred Pounds, and her husband,
A LIVING SKELETON WEIGHING 67 POUNDS.
Just added, a rare and curious animal,
THE DRILL (Cynocephalus leucophus),
Formerly belonging to GEN. BEAUREGARD and captured by the FEDERALS AT SAVANNAH.
WOODROFFE'S BOHEMIAN GLASS BLOWERS will exhibit
TWO GLASS STEAM ENGINES
FAT GIRLS, GIANTS, DWARFS, ALBINO BOY, LIVING OTTERS, FRENCH MOVING FIGURES, AND A MILLION OTHER CURIOSITIES.
Admission 30 cents; Children under ten, 15 cents.

WINTER GARDEN.
EVENINGS
WITH
SHAKESPEARE.
EDWIN BOOTH
AS
HAMLET.
TO-NIGHT, AND EVERY NIGHT,
the great sensation of the season,
BOOTH'S HAMLET.
The play is presented with
NEW SCENERY, MUSIC, PROPERTIES, AND MACHINERY,
in a style combining a
SPLENDOR OF PRODUCTION UNSURPASSED,
with strict historical accuracy.
Doors open at 6½.
Curtain rises at 7½ precisely. 40

BROADWAY THEATRE.
TWENTIETH WEEK OF
MR. JOHN E. OWENS' GREAT ENGAGEMENT.
A SPLENDID DOUBLE TRIUMPH.
SOLON SHINGLE.....and.....THE LIVE INDIAN.
SOLON SHINGLE.....and.....THE LIVE INDIAN.
The merriest and most successful comic productions
EVER KNOWN TO THE NEW YORK STAGE.
To commence with
THE PEOPLE'S LAWYER.
(The unparalleled success of which, notwithstanding its run of 120 consecutive nights, continues unabated. The public are, however, advised that the piece must now soon be withdrawn.)
MR. JOHN E. OWENS.....as.....SOLON SHINGLE.
To conclude with the screaming comicality,
THE LIVE INDIAN.
THE LIVE INDIAN,
MISS CRINOLINE,
TOM BROWN,
} MR. JOHN E. OWENS,
In rehearsal—PAUL PRY and COMEDY OF ERRORS.
Seats should be secured in advance. 40

M'LLE MARIE ZOE.—This unrivalled MELO-DRAMATIC ACTRESS and DANSEUSE will shortly appear at Troy, Rochester, Newark, Elmira, and Binghampton. All business letters should be addressed to CONNER & LEA,
40-1tc 25 West Houston street, New York.

WALTER GRISDALE, the Celebrated English TRAGEDIAN, just arrived from London, is open for nights. Address CONNER & LEA,
40-1tc 25 West Houston street, New York.

TO MANAGERS OF FIRST-CLASS MINSTREL TROUPES.—NED TURNER and his youthful protege, MASTER TOMMY, the Smallest Clog Dancer in the World, are ready to negotiate with responsible managers. Business, either Head, Song and Dance, or Double and Single Jigs. Address care of CLIPPER. 1t*

AMUSEMENTS.

CAMPBELL'S MINSTRELS,
199 and 201 BOWERY, opposite Spring street.
Positively the Last Six Nights of
TILLOTTSON'S OCTOPLEXZARA TROUPE
OF COMEDIANS, VOCALISTS, DANCERS, AND PANTOMIMISTS,
Whose performances for the past two weeks have been received
WITH THE MOST UNBOUNDED APPLAUSE.
Continued success of the
IMPALEMENT ACT. THE GIRAFFE DANCE.
The great sensation Artiste,
SIGNOR ABIJAH COUSE,
IN HIS CHASTE AND ELEGANT ORIENTAL JUGGLING.
MISS JOSEPHINE DEVARNIA,
In her beautiful poses as the BOTTLE SPRITE.
THE FULL FORCE OF CAMPBELL'S MINSTRELS,
in conjunction with the great OCTOPLEXZARA TROUPE.
MATINEE EVERY SATURDAY, AT 2½ O'CLOCK,
FOR LADIES AND CHILDREN.
NO ADVANCE IN PRICES.
DOORS OPEN ONE HOUR PREVIOUS TO PERFORMANCE.
Thursday afternoon, Jan. 12, Benefit of H. S. RUMSEY.

WOOD'S MINSTREL HALL,
514 BROADWAY,
Opposite St. Nicholas Hotel.
Proprietor, &c.....HENRY WOOD.
Doors open at 6½, Performances Commence at 7½ o'clock.
Re-appearance of the world renowned Comedian,
FRANK BROWER.
HAPPY UNCLE TOM,
HAMLET, SECESSION SOOTHER,
PHOUR PHUNNY PHELLOWS,
MILLER AND HIS MEN, BIP TEARING JOHNNY,
I'D CHOOSE TO BE A BABY,
COMIC BANJO SOLOS, ON TO RICHMOND, &c.,
BY THE STAR TROUPE OF THE WORLD.
Frank Brower, Arabey Hughes, J. T. Boyce, Cool White, L. C. Brimmer, C. Henry, C. G. Lockwood, J. W. Glenn, H. Schwicardi, F. B. Mollenhauer, B. Haslam, B. Isaacs, and T. Shapecott,
THE BEST COMEDIANS,
THE BEST QUARTETTE, and
THE BEST INSTRUMENTALISTS IN THE PROFESSION.
TICKETS 50 CENTS. RESERVED SEATS 50 CENTS.
NOTICE.—No connection with any travelling company assuming the name of Wood's Minstrels. 40

OLYMPIC THEATRE.
Doors open at 7.....Commencing at 7½.
FIFTIETH WEEK
AND UNDIMINISHED SUCCESS
of the Great Local Sensational Drama, in Five Tableaux and a Prologue, entitled
THE STREETS OF NEW YORK,
the production of which at this theatre has drawn the
LARGEST AUDIENCES
ever assembled within the building, who nightly receive its
MAGNIFICENT TABLEAUX
WITH IMMENSE APPLAUSE.
Box office open daily from 9 to 4, where seats can be secured
SIX DAYS IN ADVANCE.

VARIETIES THEATRE,
37 AND 39 BOWERY.
GEO. LEA.....Proprietor
W. J. LOUTREL.....Manager
W. B. CAVENAGH.....Stage Manager
JOSEPH BRAHAM.....Leader of Orchestra
GLORIOUS AND LEGITIMATE SUCCESS.
THE CENTRE OF ATTRACTION.
OPEN EVERY NIGHT
TO CROWDED AND DELIGHTED AUDIENCES.
THE MAMMOTH TROUPE OF AMERICA.
DRAMA, FARCE, PANTOMIME, BALLET AND NEGRO ECCENTRICITIES.
Performers of ability can secure permanent and lucrative situations by addressing the manager.
WANTED—A FIRST CLASS COMIC VOCALIST.

DAVIS' GREAT ALLIANCE.
J. L. DAVIS.....MANAGER
Late proprietor of the Olympic Theatre, Philadelphia.
J. B. MURPHY.....STAGE MANAGER
A. G. COOPER.....LEADER OF ORCHESTRA
W. D. DANIELS.....LEADER OF BRASS BAND
W. R. HAYDEN.....AGENT
TWENTY-FOUR
TALENTED ARTISTS.
THE LARGEST AND MOST VERSATILE COMBINATION
OF
MINSTRELS
IN THE WORLD,
in conjunction with the
GREAT AMERICAN FEMALE BLONDIN,
MLLE CAROLISTA,
Comedienne and Comic Vocalist,
Also the favorite and popular Artiste
LIZZIE LOUISE DAVIS,
Who will appear every evening.
The celebrity of the Talented Artistes whose names appear in the following list is too well established to need either comment or eulogium:
J. L. DAVIS, W. D. DANIELS,
LEWIS WALTERS, C. H. O'NEIL,
BILLY WATSON, PROF. H. H. BURTON,
FRANK GLASS, JAMES NEWHALL,
CHAS. W. STRAIGHT, HARRY BLOOD,
JOHNNY CURRY, J. R. ROBERTS,
S. M. CONSTANTINE, JOHN C. MORRIS,
AUGUST GLASS, FRANK NEWHALL,
J. D. MURPHY, JAMES KENNY,
A. G. COOPER, SIG. RINALDO,
MAST. CHARLIE, M'LLE CAROLISTA,
JOHNNY COLE, LIZZIE LOUISE DAVIS.
who will appear each evening in a variety of
ACTS AND CHANGE OF PROGRAMME
That
CHALLENGE COMPETITION,
Introducing Gems of the
DRAMA, OPERA AND BALLET. 40-2t

ST. CHARLES STREET OPERA HOUSE,
74 ST. CHARLES STREET,
NEW ORLEANS.
ALLINSON & WOOD.....LESSEES AND MANAGERS
OPEN FOR THE SEASON.
THE ÆOLIAN MINSTRELS
OF SIXTEEN ARTISTS,
In their Drawing Room Entertainments,
40- Every Evening and Saturday Afternoon.

MD'LLE J. CHRISTINE,
PREMIER DANSEUSE AND BALLET MISTRESS, is now in New York and ready to negotiate with managers. Those desirous of engaging her please address MD'LLE J. CHRISTINE,
In care of S. A. Phillips, Costumer,
40-1t* 253 Bowery, N. Y.

WANTED—Immediately,
FOR DUPREZ & GREEN'S MINSTRELS,
A FIRST CLASS VIOLINIST, who is capable to arrange Vocal and Instrumental Music thoroughly, and can play Solo Alto Horn in the band. Also, Wanted—A CLARIONETIST, who can play a good First or Second Alto Horn; Frank Kritis preferred, if disengaged. None but first class musicians need apply. Address by letter or telegraph, to Stanwix Hall, Albany, until January 16th, stating lowest terms. After the above mentioned date address in care of Frank Queen, New York City,
40-2t* CHAS. H. DUPREZ, Manager.

WANTED—
A COPY OF THE DRAMA OF "THE OCTOROON."
Address, stating price, E. J. B., Clipper office, N. Y. 40-1t*

SAWYER'S HALL,
GENESEO, ILLINOIS,
on the Chicago and Rock Island Railroad, 160 miles west of Chicago, contains 3500 inhabitants. Sawyer's Hall was built in 1864, is fifty feet square, thirteen and a half to fourteen feet high, will hold six hundred persons, is well fitted for Shows, Concerts, &c.
J. A. SAWYER, Proprietor.
Geneseo, Ill., January 1, 1865.

BOB EDWARDS' GEMOTE PALACE,
BALTIMORE, MARYLAND.
TRIUMPHANT SUCCESS
OF THE NEW COMPANY.
ONE HUNDRED STAR PERFORMERS,
Songs and Dances of all Nations, Opera, Drama, Farces.
Admission 50 cents.
Stars treated on liberal terms. Address
BOB EDWARDS, Sole Lessee,
40-4t Gemote Palace.

M'LLE ANITA ZANFRETTA, the Beautiful PRE-MIERE DANSEUSE, and the Queen and Teacher of all other Tight Rope Artistes, and FREDERICK MUELLER, the best Musician on the continent, are engaged at Trimble's Varieties, Pittsburgh. Managers wishing to secure the above Artistes will address CONNER & LEA, 25 West Houston street, N. Y. 40-1tc

HENRY COOK and his CIRCUS TROUPE OF DOGS AND MONKEYS, having concluded a most successful engagement of 100 nights at the Hippotheatron, is now open for engagements through his sole agents, CONNER & LEA,
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W. J. THOMPSON and his TWO CHAMPION DOGS, HECTOR and CARLO, having just concluded a successful star engagement at the New Bowery Theatre, is now open to negotiate with managers through his agents,
CONNER & LEA,
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J. W. McANDREWS.—You are wanted at Deagle's Varieties immediately. CONNER & LEA,
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M'LLE ANNETA GALETTI, the GREAT DAN-SEUSE and MELO-DRAMATIC ACTRESS, opens at Pittsburgh Jan. 16th, and at Griswold Opera House, Troy, N. Y., Feb. 6th. Managers wishing to secure this great Artiste will address
CONNER & LEA,
40-1tc 25 West Houston street, New York.

HARRY HOWLAND, COMEDIAN, Pittsburgh.—You are wanted in Boston immediately.
40-1tc CONNER & LEA.

AMUSEMENTS.

NEW BOWERY THEATRE.
Sole Proprietor.....MR. J. W. LINGARD.
Second week of the Unrivaled
EQUESTRIENNE-PANTOMIMIST
and
MELODRAMATIC ACTRESS,
MISS LEO HUDSON,
with her trained steed,
SENSATION.
OVERWHELMING SUCCESS OF
MAZEPPA.
LEO HUDSON sustaining the character of Mazeppa, making the
TERRIFIC FLIGHTS,
ASCENTS AND DESCENTS,
WHILE BOUND TO THE BACK OF THE WILD HORSE.
The Dramas of
HANDSOME JACK.
and
MY YOUNG WIFE AND OLD UMBRELLA. 40

FOX'S OLD BOWERY THEATRE.
Lessee, Director, and Manager.....G. L. FOX.
LAST WEEK
OF
MISS FANNY HERRING.
O'NEIL THE GREAT.
Judith O'Moore (with songs).....MISS FANNY HERRING.
Elenor O'Neal.....MISS R. DENVIL.
Donald Moore O'Brien.....J. S. STUDLEY.
THE LOTTERY TICKET.
Wormwood.....G. L. FOX.
Susan.....MRS. H. CHAPMAN.
PAUL JONES,
THE PILOT.
H. Chapman, Wm. St. Maur.
C. K. Fox, J. McCloskey.
FRIDAY EVENING, JANUARY 13,
Farewell Benefit of
MISS FANNY HERRING. 40

M. JOHN DENIER,
THE GREATEST SENSATIONAL
GYMNASTIC ARTISTE OF THE AGE.
in his daring feats on the
HIGH ROPE, HORIZONTAL BAR, STILTS,
and his new act,
THE THREE FLYING TRAPEZE,
will be disengaged after Jan. 14th. All communications must be addressed to him 174 Adams street,
Brooklyn, L. I., or to
CONNER & LEA,
40 25 West Houston street, New York.

JAMES S. WIBERT & CO.,
DRAMATIC, MUSICAL, AND EQUESTRIAN AGENTS,
512 BROADWAY,
Opposite St. Nicholas Hotel.
N. B.—Managers will find it to their interest to call upon us.
RECOGNIZED TALENT
TREATED WITH
40-1t* AT ALL TIMES.

MEMBERS OF THE EQUESTRIAN, DRAMATIC, or MUSIC HALL PROFESSIONS, wishing to purchase anything in this city, can do so by addressing JOHN BECKERLEY, Box 3497, and he will purchase either Tights, Stockings, Dancing Clogs, Jig Shoes, or anything belonging to the profession.
Cotton Equestrian Tights.....from $3 25 to $5 50
Worsted Tights, all colors..... 6 50
Worsted Equestrian Shirts..... 6 25
Worsted Trunks, all colors.....from $2 75 to 3 50
Worsted Long Hose..... 4 00
Clown Suits, striped around..... 13 00
Clown Suits, striped up and down..... 18 00
Equestrian Shirts, all colors.....from $3 00 to 6 00
Silk Opera and Trunk Hose.....from 9 00 to 13 00
Dancing Clogs, red or black..... 6 00
Boxing Gloves..... 6 00 1t*

YANKEE LOCKE, the GREAT AMERICAN COM-EDIAN, commences an engagement at the Metropolitan Theatre, Rochester, N. Y., Jan. 23d. Managers wishing to engage the services of Mr. Locke for six, twelve, or more nights, can do so by addressing his Agents, CONNER & LEA,
40-2t 25 West Houston street, New York.

ATTENTION, SHOWMEN!
THE ACADEMY OF MUSIC,
in the city of CLEVELAND, OHIO, will be LET for public entertainments during the recess of the theatrical season, from January 1st to about May 1st, 1865. This is the largest and best Hall in the city.
Applications should be made to
T. R. CHASE,
40-5t* No. 123 Superior street.

THE GREAT NICOLO TROUPE, whose deeply interesting and wonderful performances in New York and elsewhere have caused the most unabated furore and unquestionable enthusiasm, are now open for an engagement. Apply to JAS. S. WIBERT & CO., Dramatic Agents, 512 Broadway. 40-1t*

ADVERTISEMENTS.

$5,00! $5,00!! $5,00!!!
$1,50! $1,50!! $1,50!!!
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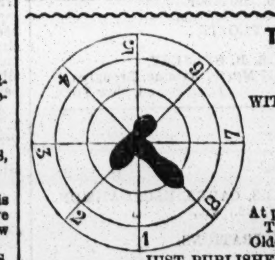

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